
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1980
WINTER OLYMPIC PREVIEW
LAKE PLACID
DESCENTE
U. S. SPEED SKATER
ERIC HEIDEN
GOES FOR FIVE GOLDS
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TOUGH 1980 FORD 4x4

Introducing the only American-built 4x4 pickup with independent front suspension.

Now Ford introduces important new engineering for the 80's...the only American-built 4x4 pickup with tough new Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension. Each front wheel steps over bumps individually. Result: Helps provide better ride than conventional 4x4 suspensions, and helps off-road control.

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EPA est. mpg*	Hwy. est. mpg*

*Optional 5.0L (302 CID) V-8, 4-spd. manual transmission. Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than estimated. California estimates lower.



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Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report,

Box or Menthol:

18 Carltons have less tar than one Kent.

20 Carltons have less tar than one Kool Milds.

19 Carltons have less tar than one Marlboro Lights.

13 Carltons have less tar than one Merit.

17 Carltons have less tar than one Vantage.

22 Carltons have less tar than one Winston Lights.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands is:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool Milds	13	0.8
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1

		tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Carlton Soft Pack		1	0.1.
Carlton Menthol	less than	1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than	0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



LOWEST... Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box. Less than 0.5 mg "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine, Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.



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REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR? Well, only one year after that Ray Meyer became the basketball coach at DePaul. Now 66, Meyer is still there, hoping his Blue Demons will give him his first national title. Curry Kirkpatrick profiles a coach who won't quit

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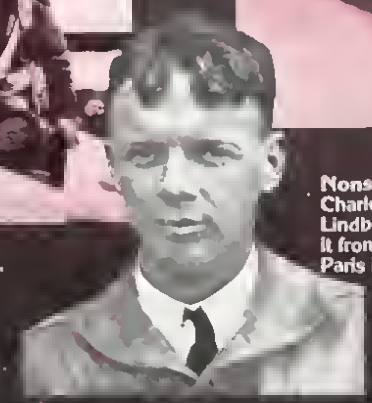
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

FLICKERING FLAME

China and Japan announced support last week for President Carter's threatened boycott of the Moscow Olympics, bringing to more than 40 the number of nations the Administration claims to have in its corner, either publicly or privately. State Department officials expect that the number eventually will reach as many as 60 countries, and 81-year-old Douglas Roby, one of the two U.S. members of the International Olympic Committee, predicts that if that many nations do indeed stay away from Moscow, the Games "probably" will be canceled.

Roby, who has been an IOC member for 28 years, believes that canceling the Summer Games is preferable to moving them because "holding some shoddy replacement would embarrass the entire Olympic movement." But Roby also implies that an IOC decision to scrap the Games would come only after the Olympic committees of a substantial number of the 136 countries recognized by the organization heed their government's wishes and formally serve notice that they are staying home.

Should Carter's proposal to move, postpone or cancel the Games be put to a vote by the IOC's 89 individual delegates in the meantime—say, at this week's IOC meetings in Lake Placid—both Roby and the other American IOC member, Julian Roosevelt, indicate that they probably would cast ballots against it. In other words, while Carter appears to be making inroads with foreign governments, he can't even count on the support of the two American delegates to the IOC. "I'm a patriotic American, but it's kind of a problem," says Roby. "We have a strong rule in the IOC forbidding us to yield to political intervention."

Other Olympic developments:

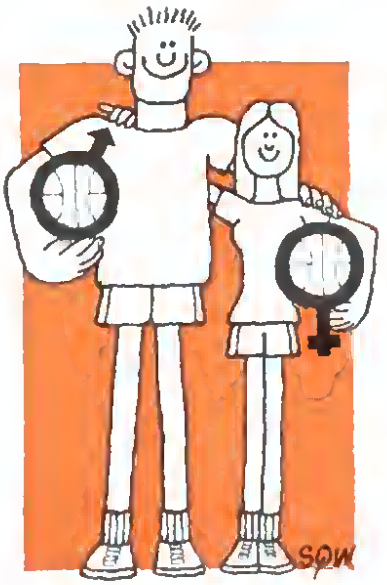
• President Carter dispatched a new diplomatic troubleshooter, Muhammad Ali, of all people, to Africa Sunday to try to persuade black African leaders that an Olympic boycott would be an appropriate response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. No sooner did Ali arrive, however, than he told reporters in Tanzania, startlingly, "If I find out I'm wrong, I'm going to go back to America and cancel the whole trip." Ironically, black African officials only recently withdrew their threat to boycott the Moscow Games if a tour of South Africa by Britain's Lions rugby team begins as scheduled in May. The Africans now are threatening to punish the British for such a tour by seeking to scuttle the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, Australia.

• Since the inauguration of the modern Olympics in 1896, the Games usually have been opened by the heads of state of the host countries. Those held in the U.S. are exceptions. The opening of the 1904 Olympics in St. Louis was presided over not by Theodore Roosevelt but by former Missouri Governor David R. Francis. In 1932 President Hoover left it to New York Governor Franklin Roosevelt to open the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid and to Vice-President Charles Curtis to do likewise at the Summer Games in Los Angeles. And in 1960, Vice-President Nixon, not Dwight Eisenhower, opened the Winter Games in Squaw Valley. Last week the White House announced that because of his preoccupation with events in Iran and Afghanistan—but no doubt also because he might find it a trifle awkward—President Carter will not open the Lake Placid Olympics but has deputized Vice-President Mondale to do the honors instead.

• The U.S. Senate has passed a resolution endorsing Greece as the permanent site of the Summer Olympics, a proposal previously advanced by Jimmy Carter, Henry Kissinger and Australian Prime Minister Malcolm J. Fraser. Greek Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis has also called for "the revival of the Olympic Games in their ancient cradle," arguing that this would somehow help the Olympic movement "rid itself of all those false elements that have gradually accumulated and threatened it with decay." IOC spokesman Alain Coupat replies that rotating the Games to various sites has the virtue of exposing athletes to "different civilizations and cultures." The trouble with this argument is that a given athlete only rarely competes in more than one or two Olympics. The only people who can count on savoring different civilizations and cultures are members of the press, well-heeled fans, national Olympic administrators—and, of course, IOC officials.

ME TARZAN, YOU TROJANE

Entire books are given over to suggested names for Baby, but those newborns of sports, women's college teams, have no such help when it comes to choosing nicknames. Some schools, though, are resourceful. Inspired by the fact that its men's teams are the Trojans, Indiana's Taylor University calls its women the



Trojanes while members of the women's track team at Louisiana State, whose male athletes are the Fighting Tigers, are known as the Ben-Gals. The other day the Ben-Gals ran against Georgia, whose women are the Bulldog Babes.

Somewhat more prosaically, the University of Massachusetts simply converted its men's nickname, Minutemen, into Minutewomen, while St. Peter's (N.J.) turned Peacocks into Peahens. Fans at Angelo (Texas) State now cheer both the Rams and Rambelles and those at Pittsburgh back the Panthers and Pantherettes. Several schools use "Kittens," as a suffix: Northwest Missouri State has Bears and Bearkittens, Thiel College has

continued


SONY
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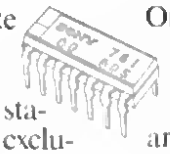
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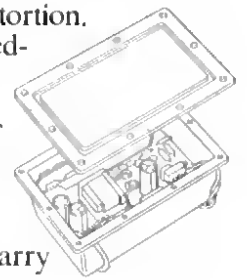
Instead of using the same basic tuning mechanism that's been found in radios since the days of Marconi, the new V55 uses microprocessor tuning to insure crisp, clear, perfect sound. We call this "quartz frequency synthesized tuning." It's totally computerized. So there are no strings, pulleys, flywheels, or other mechanical paraphernalia that can wear out and become less accurate as the years go by.



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Tomcats and Tomkittens. The practice of sticking the word "Lady" in front of a traditional nickname has resulted in the Lady Vols (Tennessee), Lady Dons (San Francisco) and Lady Seminoles (Florida State). William Penn College refers to its teams as the Statesmen and Lady Statesmen, having apparently rejected the more logical Stateswomen, but Louisiana's Centenary College draws the line on this particular usage, calling its teams the Gents and the Ladies. "How can you have a team named the Lady Gents?" asks Nico Van Thyn, the school's sports information director.

The College of the Ozarks plays it cute; its teams are the Mountaineers and—are you ready?—the Mountaindears. Mercer University has the Bears and Teddy Bears, Central Missouri State the Mules and Jennies and Northland College the Lumberjacks and Lumberjills. Anybody who finds all this cloying will be relieved to know that a number of schools use the same nickname for men's and women's teams. Ohio's Heidelberg College, for one, conveys the impression that the question of a nickname for women's teams is not particularly important. Its male and female teams are both known as the Student Princes.

SPEAKING OF KNICKNAMES...

During her four years at South Carolina's tiny Francis Marion College, Pearl Moore scored 4,061 points, making her the leading alltime collegiate basketball scorer, male or female. Now a flashy, crowd-pleasing rookie in the Women's Basketball League, the 5′ 7″ Moore is averaging 15.7 points for the New York Stars, whose 18–4 record is the WBL's best. The other night, reporting Pearl's 32-point spree in a 96–95 win over the Houston Angels, Len Berman, a sportscaster for New York's WCBS-TV, hung a nickname on her that can't help but stick. "Pearl the Earl."

RESERVATIONS GUMBO

No sooner is Super Bowl XIV out of the way than Super Bowl XV is making news—and the news is worrisome. It seems that when New Orleans officials made their successful bid last spring to host the 1981 Super Bowl, they were under the impression that they would have to provide hotel accommodations only for a couple of days leading up to the Jan. 25 game. But the NFL now has let it be known that many Super Bowl goers will be arriving earlier than that. Trouble is, the Associated Equipment Distributors are holding a convention in New Orleans during Super Bowl Week, tying up 3,500 rooms in the Hilton, Marriott, Fairmont and other hotels until as late as the Friday before Super Sunday. The Louisiana Tourist Commission is now engaged in the delicate business of trying to free some of those rooms.

Go, NFL! Beat the AED!

THE PERILS OF RETIREMENT

During his eight years in the violence-plagued National Hockey League, Ken Dryden never missed a game because of an on-ice injury. But then, neither did Dryden ever stray from his ordained position of goaltender, in which capacity he starred for the perennial-champion Montreal Canadiens. Having retired at the end of last season, Dryden recently made so bold as to doff his goalie's mask and take the ice as a defenseman in a pickup game in Ottawa. Trying to make like Bobby Orr, he moved to intercept a pass only to have a teammate's stick catch him in the face, cutting his right eye.

Dryden's injury kept him flat on his back in a darkened room for three days. Fortunately, the eye now appears to be all right, and Lynda Dryden, hoping her husband has learned a lesson, has told him, sternly, "Stick to your net."

ANYONE FOR CHECKERS?

One way to keep the kids occupied on airplanes is to let them play with the electronic games they got for Christmas, right? As Time Inc. lawyer Mary Gibbons discovered the other morning, not necessarily. Traveling on United Airlines Flight 161 from New York to Denver, Gibbons, a kid at heart, was contentedly playing her Pulsonic II baseball game when a flight attendant urgently asked her to stop. "Somebody was using an electronic game on another of our flights and it messed up the automatic pilot," the attendant explained. "The plane veered and could have gone 1,000 miles off course."

Certain electronic devices emit signals that can indeed interfere with airplane navigational and communications systems. The Federal Aviation Administration prohibits passengers from turning on portable radios, television sets and CBs during flights but allows the use of tape recorders, hearing aids, pacemakers and electric shavers. Airlines are empowered to ban other devices at their discretion, and one FAA official, Jack Flavin, says that because some electronic games contain local oscillators that emit signals they might well cause navigational problems, depending on where the passenger is sitting.

For now, some airlines are leaving it to aircraft personnel to watch for indications that electronic games are causing problems. However, United has banned the toys outright and so has Delta. A United spokesman, Chuck Novak, confirms that a Denver-Omaha flight recently went off course, apparently because a passenger was playing an electronic game, and he says that this probably was the incident to which the attendant on Gibbons' flight was referring. But Novak adds that the pilot quickly detected the interference and corrected the navigational error. "There was no possible way the plane could have gone 1,000 miles off course," he says.

CAUGHT IN A LINEUP

During the college basketball season, the New York *Daily News* publishes point spreads compiled by syndicated columnist Jim McCarthy. For a long time, *News* staffers suspected that the *New York Post* was lifting McCarthy's line more or less intact and running it as its own. The other morning the *News* ran what amounted to a zone trap by sneaking the following entry into McCarthy's listings:

MURRAY ST. 5½ Murdoch St.

Sure enough, those same two teams appeared that very afternoon in the *Post's* line. Aha! Murray State actually was playing *Morehead* State. There is no such school as Murdoch State and probably won't be unless one is founded by *Post* Publisher Rupert Murdoch.

THEY SAID IT

- Harry Neale, coach of the Vancouver Canucks: "Last season we couldn't win at home, and this season we can't win on the road. My failure as a coach is that I can't think of anyplace else to play."
- Eleanor Holm, a gold medalist in swimming at the 1932 Games, when asked by *The Washington Post's* Jane Leavy about an Olympic boycott: "I want to tell you something, hon. I'd think twice about going to Russia. Of course, it's easy for me to say, an old broad who's had her day."
- Bill Fitch, Boston Celtic coach: "I don't have an ulcer. I'm a carrier. I give them to other people."

END

The Class of '79



Meet the men who won the Busch Beer Pole Position Award during the 1979 NASCAR Championship season:

Back row: **DARRELL WALTRIP**
BUDDY BAKER
RICHARD PETTY

Middle row: **CALE YARBOROUGH**
DONNIE ALLISON
NEIL BONNETT
JOE MILLIKAN
BENNY PARSONS

Front row: **DALE EARNHARDT**
HARRY GANT
DAVID PEARSON
BOBBY ALLISON

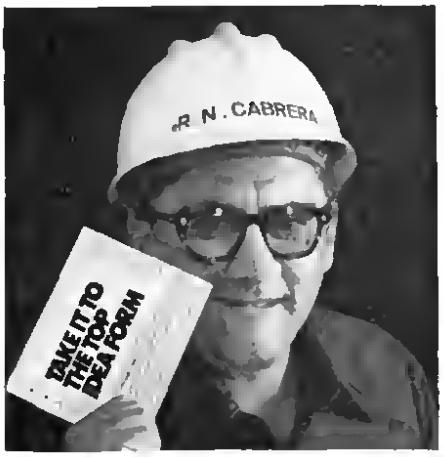
Here's a toast, then, to you and your crews from Busch Beer. You truly are the Class of '79.

Watch the Class of '79 in the Busch Clash, a 50-mile, $180,000 free-for-all, live on the CBS Sports Spectacular, Sunday, February 10. Check your local listings for exact time

BUSCH
Beer

c Anheuser-Busch, Inc St Louis, Mo

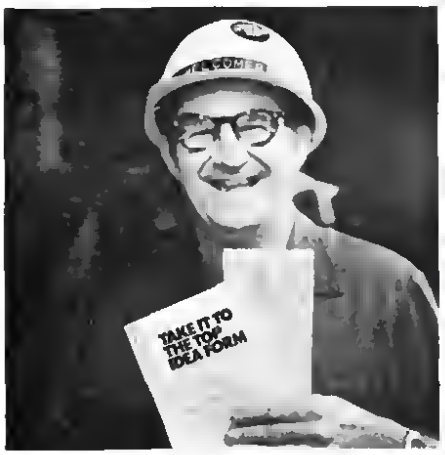
Given a chance, you can help your country fight inflation.



Raymond Cabrera, an employee at Bethlehem's Los Angeles Plant, was awarded a new car for his better idea reorganization of a product storage area to provide more efficient customer service.



Joe Holland, work at Bethlehem's Boston Ship Repair Yard. He was awarded a new car for his better idea a method for using otherwise lost heat in powerhouse boilers.



Harry Welcome, who works at Bethlehem's Steelton, Pa., Plant, was awarded $5,000 for his better idea a new adjustable electrode for an automatic welding machine.



Joe Dingus, of our Buffalo Tank Division, was awarded a new car for his better idea an inexpensive template to facilitate intricate burning of steel plates during fabrication.

Here's your chance.

In some ways, inflation is like the weather: everybody *talks* about it, but nobody seems to know what to *do* about it.

That needn't be. At Bethlehem, we believe our "Take It To The Top" program is one step in the right direction. By offering valuable awards, the program encourages employees to tell us how we can work smarter and cut costs. That improves productivity. And the more productive we become the better we can fight inflation.

During our 1978 program, our employees turned in more than 9,000 ideas for new ways of working smarter. We estimate savings, over the next three years, of more than $15 million solely from suggestions generated by that year's program.

"Take It To The Top" worked so well for us in '78 that we're doing it again in 1980. And there's no reason why it can't help other Americans contribute to a more productive America.

Everybody has a better idea

Think about it. *Your* idea for cutting inflation down to size may be a way of doing a job for less money...of getting tools, systems, or equipment to work more productively...of making the nation's tax dollars work harder to accomplish more.

Let's all take it to the top

Your better idea *can* make a difference. That's why we've left the opposite page blank. We hope you will use it to describe your better idea and then send it to someone who can do something about it. That someone may be President Carter...your boss...your governor... your representatives in Congress...????

Your idea can help. And that's reason enough to take it to the top.

Bethlehem

Working Smarter

Dear _____

I want to help our country fight inflation by sharing my better idea with you.

My better idea is:

Sincerely,

P.S. Bethlehem Steel suggested I take my idea to the top. That's you.



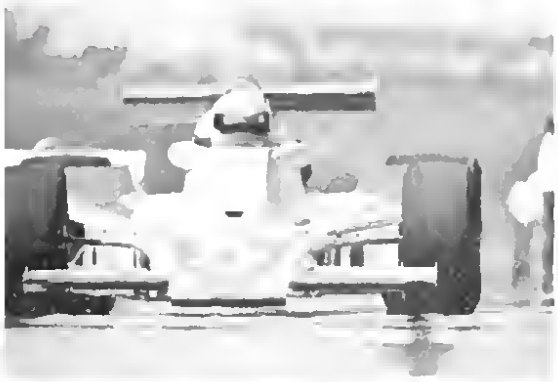
Re-live last season's most spectacular baseball!

Replay last year's pennant race . . . with **all** the teams! Over 700 statistically-accurate player cards reflect real-life performances of current players. Unique "fast-action" system guarantees realism without sacrificing managerial strategy. With **you** as manager, **any** team can win. Also great solitaire game!

$15

MAJOR LEAGUE

'78 Player Card Set (for owners of last year's game) $7



Thrill to Indy's challenge!

Championship auto racing game includes statistically-accurate driver cards of each of Indy's 33 qualifiers in the 500! Sanctioned by USAC. Drivers perform in the game as in reality. Reverse of each driver card contains full-color photo of driver (collectors' items for aficionados.) Good party game for as many as 33; also ideal solitaire fun!

$12

AUTO RACING



Vie for championship sailing status!

The best of yacht racing . . . without getting wet! Employs all of the real-life maneuvers and strategies of tacking, beating, running, beam and broad reaching, blanketing, luffing, spinnaker use . . . for 2 to 6 players. Includes scaled-down metal sailboats and buoys. The most exciting way to experience this classic sport without purchasing a yacht!

$15

Regatta

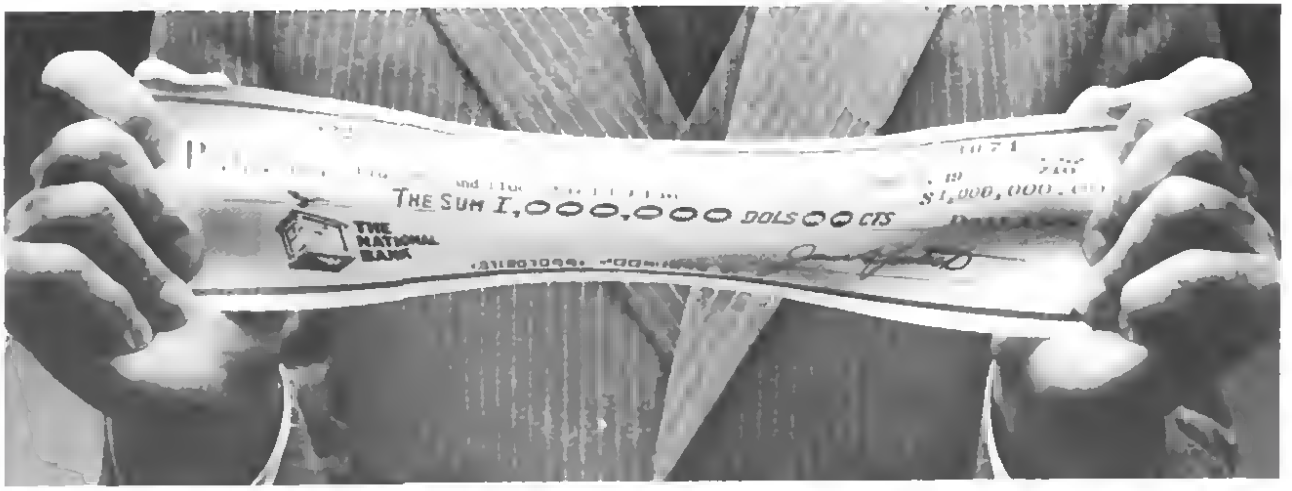
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HOW TO GET MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS IN HEALTH CARE FOR YOUR MILLION DOLLARS.



In reviewing health care coverage, a lot of executives make a false assumption—that health care costs will be the same no matter who the carrier is. After all, the same people will get sick and incur the same costs. The only variable is what the carrier charges for administering the program.

THE EXPENSIVE ASSUMPTION.

That kind of thinking can be very expensive. Because if a carrier simply assumes risk and pays bills, there's no control over the really big part of your cost. The benefit costs.

You see, the cost of health care coverage is actually two costs. The cost of benefits. And the retention costs (everything from administrative costs to reserves). By controlling your major health care expense, the cost of benefits, you can get more for your health care dollar.



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Which is why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are so committed to containing benefit costs.

And we're the only ones whose scope and method of operations are broad enough to deal with the problem effectively.

IT'S ALREADY WORKING.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans often have special arrangements with hospitals and physicians supporting a wide range of cost containment initiatives. This means value added and *lower* benefit costs to enrolled groups.

In fact, over the past decade, programs like out-patient diagnostic and same-day surgery have helped cut the average hospital stay of our subscribers by one full day. And saved $1,250,000,000 last year alone.

So before you make a decision about your group's coverage, contact your Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plan Marketing Representative. Otherwise, trying to save a little money could end up being very expensive.

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1980

PLENTY OF JUICE IN THE ORANGE

Syracuse is winning big, an old story, but unlike past teams that turned out to be the pits, this one may squeeze out a national title

by MIKE DELNAGRO

The Louie and Boule Show. A clean-shaven Headd. A kid with a bullet hole in his face. Yes indeed, folks, say hello to Syracuse, the all-around marvel of NCAA basketball, a team that always wins 20, never loses at home and usually goes blooey at the first whiff of a post-season tournament. That's the Orangemen. And now once again they are holding forth in their home in central New York State, plundering the Villanovas, Penn States, Temples and all the other paladins of Eastern basketball. So what else is new? Only that this time they've been doing their thing in ways they've never done before. For instance:

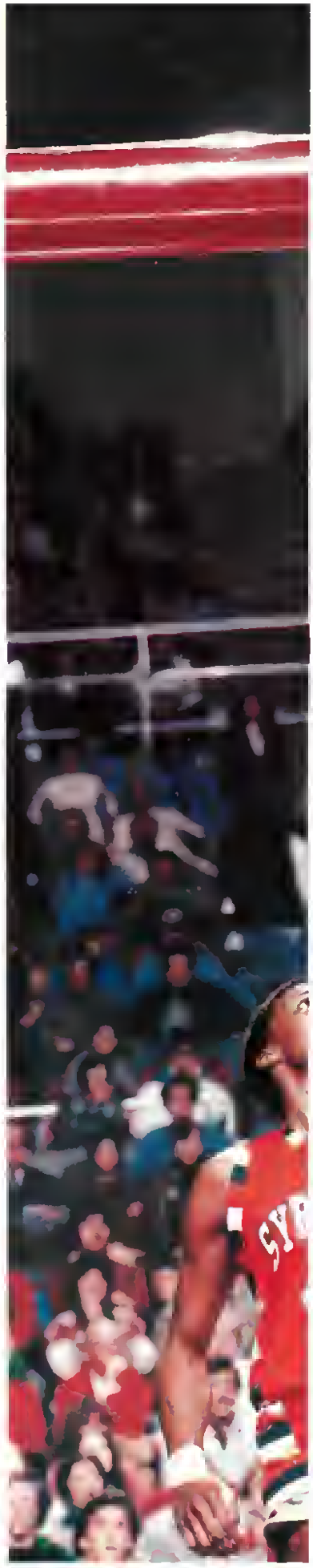
• Zooming to 14–0 by mid-January, their best start in 54 seasons.

• Proving they were no fluke when they dumped Purdue, then 10th-ranked, and its terrific All-America Center Joe Barry Carroll in West Lafayette, Ind. on national TV, by pressing the Boilermakers silly in a 66–61 upset in game No. 14.

• Whipping 10 straight opponents at Manley Field House to extend their home-win streak to a national-high 55 games. In fact, most opponents have been crushed. At week's end Syracuse's average victory margin was 17.1 points, second highest in the nation. At home it was even greater. So far LeMoyne has gone under by 46 points, Cornell by 41, St. Francis of Pennsylvania by 33 and Canisius by 32.

• And hanging tough throughout their lone defeat, at Old Dominion. First, Syracuse seemed to be cruising home; it led by 13 points with only 4:43 to play. Then, after Old Dominion surged ahead by three points with :49 left, the Orangemen exploded and regained the lead. Finally, they lost 68–67—on a Monarch basket that was or was not tipped in before the buzzer. If the game had been played at Manley, it would have been after and thank you very much.

Let's have Jim Satalin, coach of arch-rival St. Bonaventure, put Syracuse in perspective. In 1976-77, when continued



Leaving the Friars and his teammates earthbound, Boule heads up before slamming the ball down.


SYRACOSE
5
3



Moss, an outstanding playmaker, looks thataway and passes thisaway in the victory over Providence

SYRACUSE *continued*

the Louie and Bouie Show opened, Jim Boeheim was a rookie coach and Syracuse won 26 of 30 games. Next season it went 22–6. Last year the Orangemen were 26–4 again, and—for a delicious bit of trivia—Boeheim had suddenly become the college basketball coach with the best won-lost percentage (.861). "And all that happened while they were building for this year," Satalin says, "I've seen DePaul, Notre Dame and Ohio State, and the best team in the country is Syracuse."

He may be right. Following a surprisingly easy 89–69 victory at Providence last Saturday, the Orangemen, who had been ranked as high as No. 3 in the polls, were 19–1. Coupled with No. 2-ranked Oregon State's setback at UCLA plus the defeats of Big Ten leader Ohio State by Michigan State and Wisconsin, Syracuse seemed ready to soar to new prominence in this week's AP and UPI wire-service polls: up to second in both, another milestone for the Orange. And unless twice-beaten St. John's somehow ends its three-year losing streak to the Orangemen in New York on Feb. 16, or unless the sky falls and the rivers run dry, Syracuse will finish the season at 25–1 and go from there to walk with the giants of basketball—Eastern and otherwise.

The two main reasons for all this success are Louie and Bouie. Louie is senior Louis Orr, a 6′ 8″, 155-pound wisp of a recruit out of Cincinnati who has developed into a 6′ 8″, 190-pound defensive wizard and Syracuse's No. 2 scorer and rebounder. Though a lethal 57.8% shooter, Orr, a forward, is best known as a sort of on-court impresario, a rapier, a darting menace who often produces the teeny pass, unlooked-for steal or swift tip-in that turns a tight game around. By comparison, Center Roosevelt Bouie is a bludgeon, and has been ever since he ambled down the road from Kendall High near Rochester, N.Y. with his 6′ 11″, 240-pound frame and amazing grace to be Syracuse's "first quality big man."

Off the court Bouie is a placid fellow who fishes, grows houseplants and likes to drop in on children's dance recitals at a local elementary school. Boeheim says Bouie rarely knows who Syracuse's next opponent is. "If Rosey had just average ability, basketball would never have entered his life," says Orr. "He'd be happy as the world's tallest petunia grower."

But Bouie's ability is far better than average. As a shooter, he was limited at first but he kept improving. From scoring 10.9 points and 10.5 points a game as a freshman and sophomore, respectively, Bouie hit 15.2 last season and is averaging 17.8 now. Two weeks ago he rung up a career-high 29 points against Connecticut and topped it in his next game, a 30-point outing against Temple. In three of his last four games, Bouie has scored more than 25. "I'd been doing things too fast," he says. "Now I'm thinking through my options."

Which he's been doing all along on defense. A big factor in Syracuse's success has been its pressure defense. Orange opponents are shooting just 43.6% from the floor, and though they average 68.4 points a game, that total is really quite low, considering that Syracuse's philosophy is run-and-gun, never slow things down. Without Bouie back there protecting the basket, the Orange is just another team. In 3¾ seasons Bouie has blocked some 311 shots, and Lord knows how many guards there are who penetrated, got stuffed once and thought twice about penetrating again. "When a guy's coming he can pass or shoot," Bouie says. "I like to fake him, look in his eyes and guess which he'll choose. Usually I guess right." And then? "And then you just put it down in the ledger."

But to dismiss Syracuse as strictly a Louie and Bouie spectacular would be folly. It's a nine-man gang. Guard Eddie Moss is a standout playmaker and defender. Boeheim only wishes he'd shoot more. Against Seton Hall, Moss tried one field goal, which is one more than he tried against Baltimore and Old Dominion. Luckily, Moss' backcourt mate Marty Headd is fully unreluctant to let fly. He is also a 58.2% shooter who canned 9 of 11 shots against Villanova, 9 of 13 against Temple and a last-minute 17-footer to beat Illinois State. "Nothing affects him," Boeheim says fondly. Indeed, in November Headd shaved his head bald, and just as traces of his former locks began to reappear, he shaved it again two weeks ago. "How's it look?" he asks.

Quality depth, normally unheard of around Syracuse, is supplied in part by Guard Hal Cohen and Danny Schayes, a 6′ 11″ forward-center who is the son of Dolph Schayes, the perennial NBA All-Star for the old Syracuse Nats. Both are white, Jewish and contemplating ca-

reers in medicine. Both are high on the dean's list. Schayes, a junior, is majoring in chemistry. Cohen, a senior, has already applied to study for his M.D. at Upstate Medical Center. Both starred for the U.S. team in the 1977 Maccabiah Games in Israel, a first for two players from one college team. "It helped that my dad was the coach," says Schayes. Cohen, who averages about 13 minutes a game, pumped in 24 points at Temple last year and was named the Palestra's most Outstanding Visiting Player. He's a shooter. Schayes is no slouch in this department, either. He's a 48.5% shooter, though he sends up a lot more 15-footers than lay-ins.

Among the gentiles is freshman Tony Bruin, a former All-America at Mater Christi High in New York City's borough of Queens, who has an astounding 42-inch vertical jump and the kind of temerity that lets a young man turn down UCLA and North Carolina, among others, to enroll at Syracuse. Why go out of state, he figured, when "you can have it so good at home?" To Boeheim's dismay, Bruin merely dabbles in defense. But not so on offense. In a 99–64 romp over Cornell, Bruin scored a game-high 20 points and rammed home several breathtaking thunderdunks.

More impressive still is freshman Erich Santifer. In a preseason exhibition against the U.S.S.R. national team, the high-jumping forward jammed in the winning basket and has been averaging double figures ever since. Two weeks ago, against Old Dominion, he moved into the starting lineup, replacing Ron Payton, who is 6′ 5″, 200 pounds but plays with such intensity that his teammates nicknamed him Six-Nine, Two-Eighty. Santifer is the guy who was shot in the face. Four years ago he was sitting on the bottom step of a friend's house in Ann Arbor, Mich. On the top step a friend was waving a .22 pistol. Santifer says he told the friend to put the gun away. The friend said, "Why, it isn't loaded." The next thing Santifer remembers is a loud noise. The gun had gone off, and a bullet had struck him square on the cheekbone. Once you've been shot in the face, he reasons, why get excited about starting as a freshman, even on a team that's a championship contender.

The man in charge of this group, the 35-year-old Boeheim, first came to Syracuse in 1962 as a walk-on basketball player. Upon graduation, he played briefly for the Scranton (Pa.) Miners of the Eastern Basketball League. He returned to Syracuse as Coach Roy Danforth's assistant in 1969. "I only think about basketball," he says. Though Boeheim is decidedly professional in appearance, the only book on the sport he has read is John Wooden's *Practical Modern Basketball*. If he's not coaching, or scouting a game, or watching basketball on TV (a friend Betamaxes games that Boeheim can't catch live), he's probably in his office, taking in a game film. When the season ends in March, Boeheim will get into his Pontiac Bonneville and spend the best part of the next two months traveling to high school all-star games in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, D.C., Ohio—*anywhere*. He says he enjoys it. He even likes recruiting. "If a kid wants to talk, he'll talk," says Syracuse SID Larry Kimball. "If not, Jim will just sit in the kid's living room for 10, maybe 14 hours and say nothing."

Now, critics might argue that the current Syracuse schedule is soft; that if Boute has foul problems, the Orange go up in smoke; that the Orangemen lack the discipline to flat put away a crumbling opponent, as evidenced by the loss at Old Dominion or the 72–70 overtime defeat of Illinois State, a game they seemingly had iced. Not so, says Boeheim. "Two things can hurt us: a team with two tall great-shooting guards or a team with three big All-America caliber frontcourtmen." And really, now, what college team has either?

"Sure, we're not unbeatable," says Boeheim, who's withstanding the pressure of his most successful season with no visible tension. "But unlike before, we can match up with anybody."

So we shall see. Three years ago in the NCAAs, Syracuse was waxed by UNC-Charlotte 81–59. The next year the Orange succumbed to Western Kentucky, a team with a 16–14 record. Last year, in losing to Penn, they fell behind early and never got back into the game. "You can't judge a team by what it does in the NCAAs," Boeheim argues. "Everybody loses. Every team but one."

You can put it down in the ledger. This year that one team might be the Orangemen of Syracuse.



To Boeheim, coaching is first, nothing second



Louie can do a lot of stuff, including stuff



On the rebound, Walton bests Alvan Adams

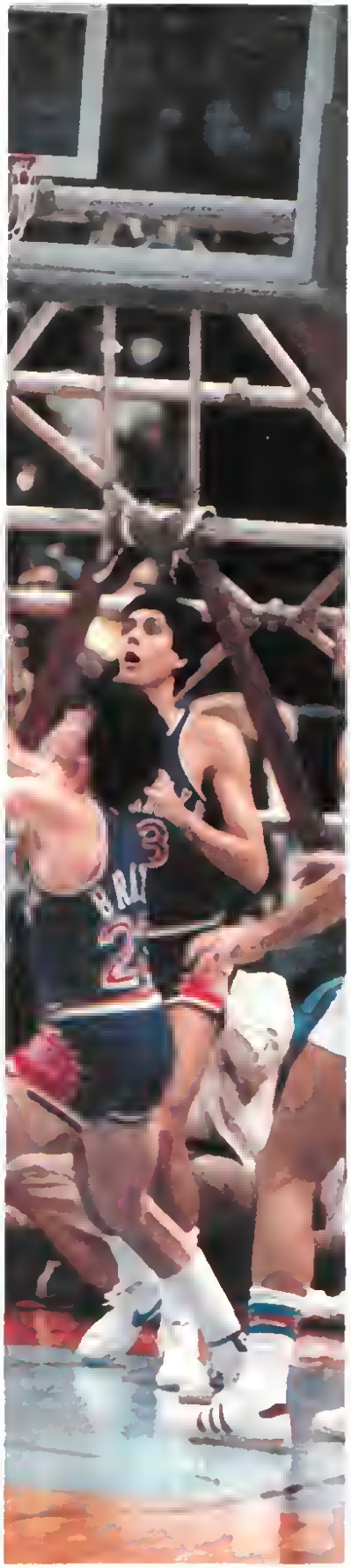
WELCOME BACK, STRANGER

Sidelined by injuries for nearly two seasons, Bill Walton—you remember him—played at long last for San Diego

by BARRY McDERMOTT



Bill's timing wasn't off despite his missing 160 games, as evidenced by this block of a Phoenix shot





And his passing, always a strong point, hasn't suffered, as Free and Joe Bryant (right) can attest

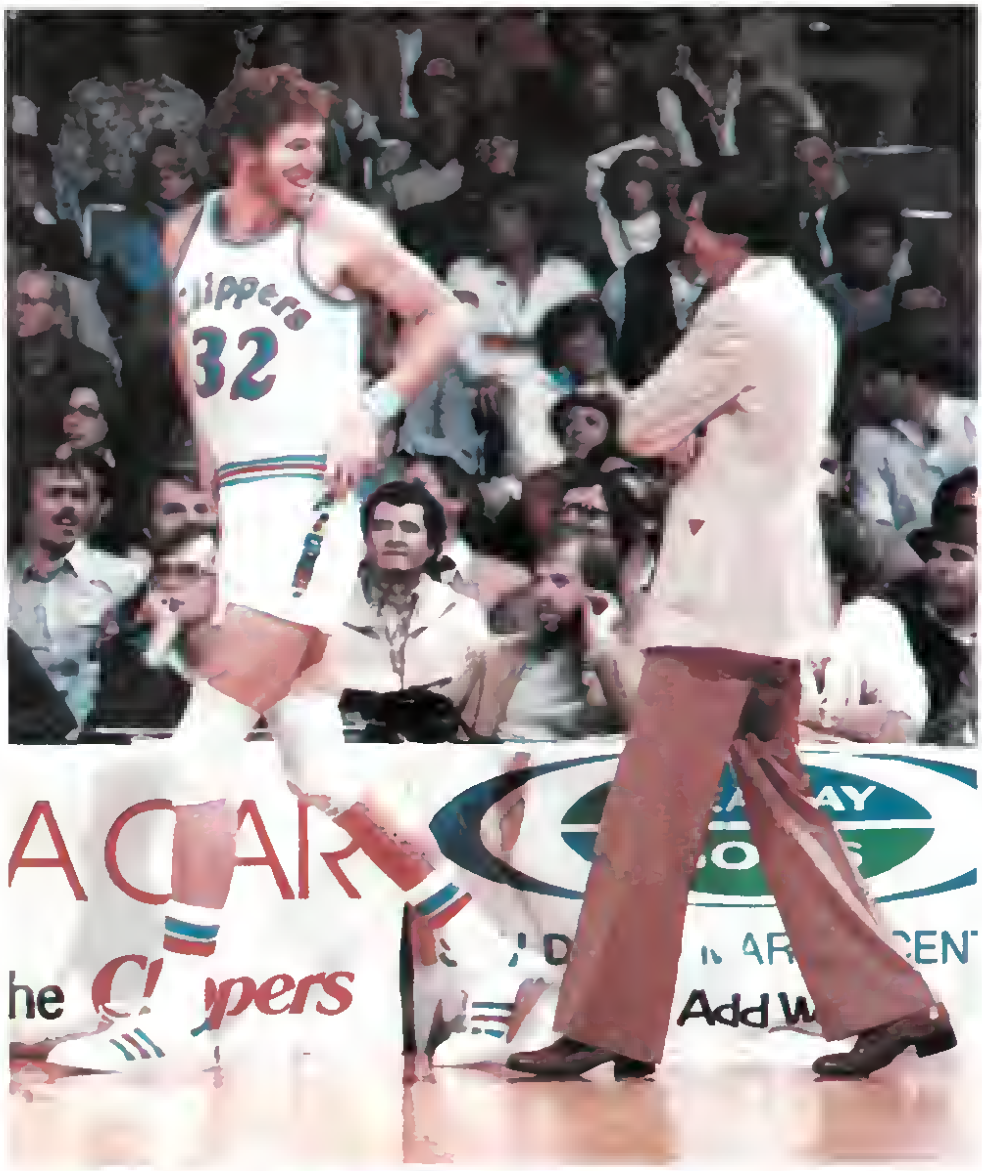
Over the past several months, Bill Walton has been so frustrated that he has listened to every theory, weighed every possibility and considered almost any idea that would help hasten his return to the NBA.

"When you're at my stage, you try anything," he says. Literally. And that in part explains two special drinks Walton now consumes daily because of a deficiency in his blood of trace elements, especially manganese, which is essential in the formation of bone. One drink contains calcium, phosphorus, magnesium and copper. The other is composed of iron, fluoride, zinc and manganese. "Oh, they taste real bad," says Walton. "The more you drink, the worse they taste. The calcium drink looks like water. The iron drink is dark, like oil. It tastes even worse. The amazing thing is that after two months of this stuff they still can't find any manganese in my blood. But I keep drinking it. I've tried weirder stuff."

For all of the new decade and quite a bit of the one just past, Walton had been trying to do what he does best—play basketball. And last week—at 7:57 p.m. on Tuesday, Jan. 29, for the record—with 1:44 left in the first quarter of a game against the Phoenix Suns, he accomplished just that when he unfurled himself from the bench of the San Diego Clippers, threw off his warmup jacket and trotted onto the floor as the hometown fans gave him the applause they had been saving for months. It was Walton's first regular-season appearance since April 21, 1978, when he hobbled away from a playoff game between Portland and Seattle with what turned out to be the first of two fractures of the tarsal navicular bone in his left foot.

Now after a seemingly interminable period of rehabilitation, Walton was back, and his return came at a most propitious time for the Clippers, troubled as they were with lagging attendance and a six-game losing streak. Walton eased both crises, as 11,428 fans, about 4,000 more than the San Diego average, showed up to watch the player some

continued



The fact that the big man was in uniform again had Walton and Shue fairly dancing with delight

BILL WALTON *continued*

Clippers have dubbed "the Stranger" help San Diego to a 133–121 victory.

Walton played slightly more than 13 minutes, and the time was parceled out in eyedropper fashion. His longest stint was but four minutes and 19 seconds. Still he made four of five shots, grabbed four rebounds, blocked a shot, intimidated several Phoenix players and did a lot of the subtle, deft things that make him a textbook player. Clipper owner Irv Levin, who signed Walton to a $7 million, 7-year contract last spring, took a look at the crowd of reporters still gathered around Walton an hour after the game and said, "Tonight was great show business. If he can stay healthy, we've got a lot of fun ahead of us."

The first bit of fun occurred the next morning when Walton came up *not* limping. Sure, there still was a little tenderness in his foot, but nothing serious. He attended a Clippers practice and did some swimming and weightlifting. Walton's rehabilitation program calls for him to play basketball every other day. Because of the All-Star break, the Clippers had seven days off following the Phoenix game, and they don't play back-to-back games until this weekend. "We'll see how I feel next week and then make a decision about whether I can go two days in a row," Walton said.

Without question, Walton's odyssey over the last 22 months, as he went from star to stranger, has been an odd one. Since hurting himself in 1978, he had quit the Trail Blazers amid bitter allegations of inept medical treatment; signed with San Diego, which heralded his arrival with skywriting: WALTON IS A CLIPPER; endured operations for the removal of bone spurs on both ankles; undergone a personality change, switching from the unapproachable political activist to the equivalent of an effervescent habitué of Main Street; and confounded a battery of doctors, scientists and friends who wrestled with diagnosing the cause of the ache in his left foot.

Walton thought he had licked the injury until a Sept. 28 exhibition game against the Los Angeles Lakers, when he took himself out and went to the locker room to stick his foot in a bucket of ice. Mysteriously, it hurt again. A week later he was on crutches, and soon he was seeing a variety of doctors in hope of getting a correct diagnosis. After a month of tests that failed to show any fracture, Walton's friends and physicians, Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe and Dr. Tony Daly, thought the injury to be a sprained ligament. Finally, after two sets of special X rays called tomograms, a new break in the tarsal navicular bone, a crack one-fifth of an inch deep and not located near the original fracture, was discovered. It had been virtually undetectable because of its minute size and because, inexplicably, Walton felt the pain from it in a different part of his foot.

As the months dragged on, he was confronted with not only the tedium, exasperation and boredom attendant to his injury, but with a variety of rumors as well. Among them: that he was a malingerer content to collect his salary; that his teammates, especially high-scoring Guard Lloyd Free, resented him, that his vegetarian diet had made his bones brittle; and that his skills had eroded, partly from all the injuries, partly from the inactivity.

However, the tomograms confirmed that he's no rip-off artist; no one, after all, can run on a broken foot, though Walton tried. And after the Phoenix game, Free was so enthusiastic about the Stranger's return that he all but led cheers. As for brittle bones, it seems that Walton breaks them for two reasons; 1) he regularly crashes to the floor from on high, and 2) his feet have extremely high arches, which coupled with his weight of 225 pounds, puts great strain on the bones in his feet. As for his ability, well, there were

moments last week when he seemed to be the best player on the floor. "No one except Bill Walton could've come back and played the way he did tonight," said Swen Nater, the Clippers' starting center, who will be relegated to the bench if Walton recovers fully.

"I felt I helped the team win," said Walton the day after the Phoenix game. "Obviously I'm limited physically right now because of my conditioning, and I don't have confidence in my leg. That is going to be the hardest thing, the subconscious worry I have about it. Right now I'm not able to do some of the things that I've done in the past, and that I'll be able to do in the future."

The Clippers' coach, Gene Shue, who might be the reigning expert on the rehabilitation of players, judging from his penchant for taking in the league's rejects and wayward souls, was ecstatic over that prospect. "This is really exciting, and it couldn't have come at a better time," he said. "I'm just trying to get Bill through this season without getting hurt. The idea is to build up his strength and his confidence."

Walton started workouts several weeks ago and was immediately encouraged in practice sessions against players from the University of San Diego and his old school, UCLA. In a scrimmage at his alma mater, he took a couple of nasty falls, including one in which he landed hard on his left foot. Afterward, Larry Brown, the UCLA coach, told him, "That was a good workout today, Bill. You went to the floor twice and you didn't break your foot."

In his six-year pro career, Walton has missed 257 of 467 regular-season games, including 160 straight before playing against Phoenix. Over the years he has accumulated a staggering list of injuries: five broken noses, three broken fingers, two broken feet, a broken leg, a broken wrist and damaged knees. Along the way he has had eight operations, which may account for his new bedside manner with the press.

To alleviate the strain on his feet, his physicians have prescribed larger shoes, because Walton was wearing sneakers two sizes too small, and they recommended softer, more supportive inserts in his shoes to better distribute the pounding his feet take in games. They also made him stop eating shellfish, which Walton had been consuming in large quantities, because it was apparently giving him too high a level of arsenate, which slows bone growth.

Walton's return—though welcome—will require some adjustments for the Clippers, because on offense San Diego has been going for the long-ball this season. Free, the Clippers' top gun, doesn't shrink from self-publicity; he has billed himself as "All-World"—perhaps with some justification. Free is the second-leading scorer in the NBA with a 31.4-point average, and was selected to start for the West in the All-Star game. Free, Brian Taylor and Freeman Williams, San Diego's three best guards, think nothing at all of pulling up on the fast break and letting loose three-point attempts; in fact, Taylor leads the league in three-pointers attempted (179) and made (69).

Of Walton's impending return, Free was quoted as saying, "He may be a superstar in his world, but I'm a superstar in mine—and he better be aware of it." Free also said, "Gene Shue has already told me there's no way he's going to change my game." And All-World wondered how Nater, the league's second-leading rebounder and Walton's backup in college, would react to riding the bench. "It must be killing him inside. I know it would me," Free said.

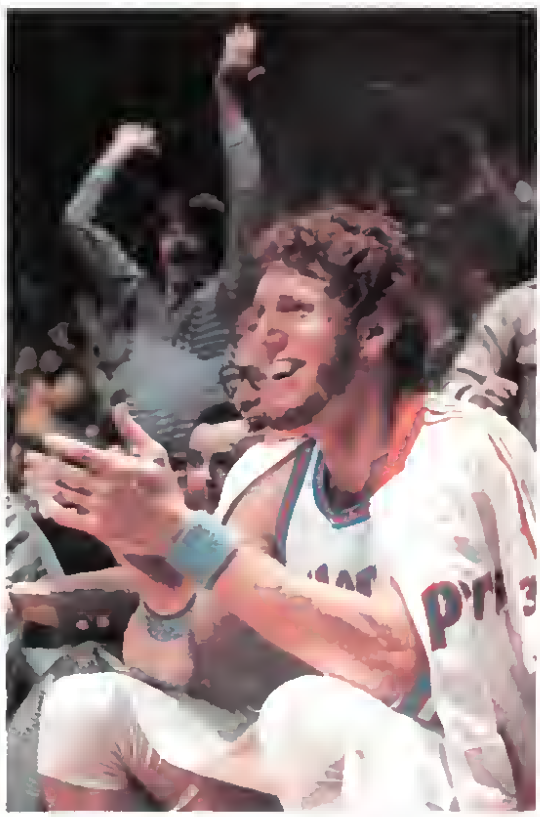
Against Phoenix, Free played tentatively in the early going, shooting poorly, which prompted a fan to shout at one juncture, "C'mon World, we still love you." Near the end of the first quarter, Free hit Williams with a good pass. A short time later, during a break for a free throw, Walton walked past Free and whispered, "Nice pass."

"Let's work," Free replied. In the second half he made six of 11 shots and finished with 32 points. Late in the game, with the Clippers leading 110–103, Walton loped downcourt with his hands held high, indicating San Diego's 1–4 play. "That's for me to take complete control," explained Free. "He knew the game was close, and he knew what I could do. That really made me smile."

Free swished a 22-footer, and when the ball rippled through the net, Walton swung his fist triumphantly. Afterward, Free sounded as if he had just found a new friend. "There's no negative vibes about the guy," he said. "He's going to be a great leader for us because he knows what's going on out there on the court. He showed me why Portland won a title."

The Clippers tried 12 three-pointers and made half of them. And inside Nater shot seven for seven from the floor, scored 17 points, had 21 rebounds and even played forward for a short spell, scoring a basket off a nice feed from Walton. "The only style really important is a winning style," Walton said the next day. "Our guards can score points. It would be nonsensical to try to change that."

Then he was asked what the key would be to the remainder of the Clippers' season. "The key is for me to stay in there—for more than three games," he said. "I was real pleased with last night. Hey, I'm walking around today." Outside, after several days of rain, the skies over San Diego were clearing up. For Walton it just felt so good to be able to walk around knowing that he could wear a uniform again instead of a fiber glass cast. "I've played the game a million times in my head," Walton said. "Now I can let my legs play it." **END**



The evening ended with big cheers all around

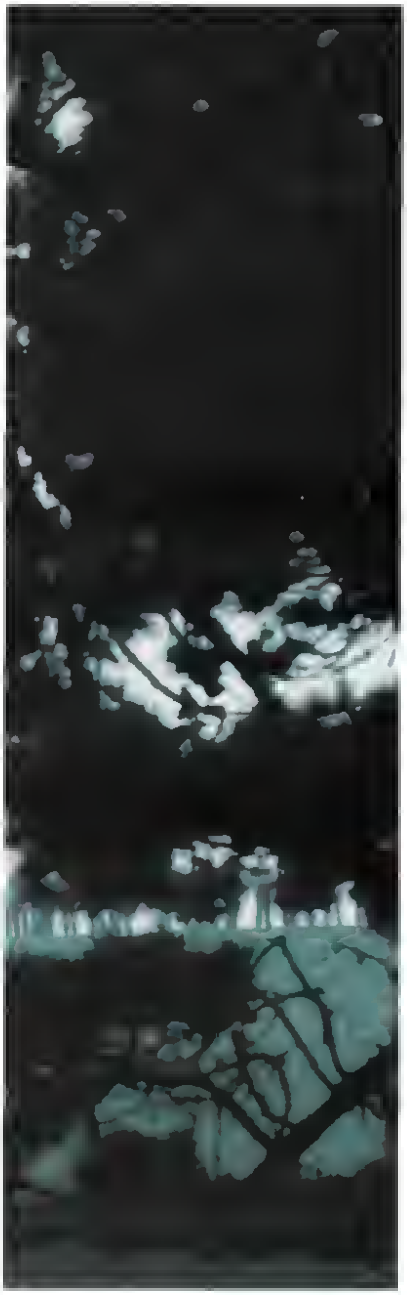


A ROMAN NUMERAL DID HIS NUMBER

The Bing Crosby National Pro-Am golf tournament, which is contested on the tweed coat Riviera, otherwise known as the Monterey Peninsula, is something on the order of a Winter Masters. This was especially true last week, what with nearly Augustan weather and Jack Nicklaus getting into more fixes than Nancy Drew *and* the Hardy Boys.

In addition, this year's Crosby had more things going for it than usual—not that there's ever a lack of glamour and splendor when people are hanging around such ghettos as Pebble Beach and Cypress Point within sight of crashing waves and hung-over celebrities. Mostly, it had a gang of established stars, notably Nicklaus, thrashing around among a bunch of unknown and winless pros with names like David Edwards.

What the tournament finally developed into on Sunday, the fourth consecutive day of glorious weather and low scoring, was a Crosby that for much of the day looked as though it might produce the first 15-way tie in the history of double knits. Virtually the entire Official PGA Tour Media Guide seemed to be in contention after Nicklaus shot the first six holes of the day at Pebble Beach in 20 strokes and the next six in 27. It went thusly: par-birdie-birdie-birdie-par-



An aspect of the Crosby's special setting a gnarled cypress frames viewers at Pebble Beach

George Burns III survived the chaos at the Crosby Pro-Am that ensued when Jack Nicklaus self-destructed

by DAN JENKINS

eagle. Then: bogey-double bogey-bogey-par-par-bogey.

The situation this created with less than nine holes remaining resembled a traffic jam on the 17-Mile Drive. No fewer than 15 players were only three strokes apart, and guys like Edwards, Keith Fergus and Dan Pohl found themselves sharing the lead with Gil Morgan and George Burns III. In the final hour, however, a slow-rolling, 60-foot birdie came out of the shade on the edge of the 16th green and disappeared into the cup, while just about everybody else either had already gone tumbling into Carmel Bay or was about to. Thanks to this putt, Burns was the winner, with steady rounds of 71, 69, 71 and 69, which added up to a check for $54,000. The only man on the tour with a Roman numeral in his name, Burns had overtaken the emperor of golf, Nicklaus.

Burns actually wound up defeating Pohl, a pro with whom he had something in common, mainly that neither of them had ever won an individual victory on the tour. The only thing Burns had ever done there, aside from develop a reputation as a choker, was team up with his friend Ben Crenshaw to win the National Team title last October. And the only thing Pohl had done was get himself known as one of the longest hitters since King Kong.

Nicklaus' collapse on Sunday after taking a two-stroke lead through six holes made it possible for a stranger to win the Crosby. Pohl looked as if he might be that man after searing Pebble Beach's back nine in 30, a mere six-under, for a closing round of 67, which got him off the premises with a total of 281.

When that became the number to beat, most of the players except Burns began rattling off bogeys. He had already chipped in for a birdie at the 13th, always a good omen, and when the whopper fell at the 16th, he had the lead that Nicklaus and the others had frittered away. Now he only needed to par the last two holes. There was the chance, of course, that this would not be easy for Burns. His nerves had blown a number of opportunities in the past, and his swing features a flying right

continued

Cool while others were coming apart, Burns got his first solo victory on an incredible 60-foot putt









elbow. But he played 17 and 18 steadily, without a hint of coughing, and he was able to say, "Chalk one up for the funny swingers."

Burns also said, "You have to pay your dues out here." In his case, this may have meant that he spent his first four years on the tour trying to get a silver spoon out of his mouth. The Roman numeral in his name allowed him to learn about golf in a prep school instead of a caddie pen, and the course he called home was the National Golf Links in Southampton, N.Y. But Burns is a big, likable guy, and he could take the kidding when people like Crenshaw asked him if he had leather patches on his driver and what fraternity his eight-iron had pledged.

In victory, Burns gave credit to Crenshaw for helping him with his attitude, teaching him about patience and telling him not to worry about where the right elbow is going or how it might look peculiar to anyone other than Miller Barber.

Burns might also have taken the opportunity to thank Nicklaus for opening the gate. A poor wedge shot made it almost impossible for Nicklaus to do anything but three-putt the par-3 7th for a bogey. Then a terrible four-iron at the eighth put him into such bad rough that he had to take two stabs at the ball to get it out. That was the double bogey. The rest of the damage came on the greens.

Well, it was the sort of thing Nicklaus had promised earlier. There was this bad swing he was trying to cure, he'd said, and it was going to haunt him from time to time. And that it did.

The Crosby was Nicklaus' debut in his 40s—in the 80s. He came with two different swings and used them both, one intentionally, the other out of habit. A bad habit. He explained that his swing had grown too upright over the years, that it had become all arms and no body. And now, he said, he was in the process of working it back to where it used to be when he was a better player. Pre-1978 is what he meant. Of his 17 major championships, the '78 British Open at St. Andrews was the only biggie he won with the bad swing. After that it caught up with him like a nine-

continued

Pate, a leader when he played Spyglass (top), eventually sank, as did Nicklaus, and then Edwards, who shared the lead for most of the week


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Is the All-American game going into sudden death?

"Clean up football or abolish it," President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the organizers of college football in 1905 after eighteen players died during one season. The warning was heeded.

Almost seventy-five years later, from Pop Warner to the pros, football is in trouble again. This time, according to *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood, the warnings are being ignored:

- a million high school players hurt
- a 100% injury rate among NFL players
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In a book certain to spread the controversy of his *Sports Illustrated* series of articles, Underwood exposes and explores the dramatic problems that jeopardize the sport's future and offers a detailed, constructive proposal for reforming the game.

"A powerful indictment of the grid-iron system from top to bottom."—*Publishers Weekly*

THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN GAME

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car freeway collision, and last year was his worst ever.

For the first time since he became a pro in 1962, Nicklaus went through a season without winning a tournament of any kind, much less a major. And though money has never mattered as much to him as his ambition for golfing immortality, 1979 was a depressing year in terms of prize money, too. Nicklaus had never finished lower than fourth on the money list, but in 1979 he was 71st.

"I tried to get by on talent without working at it," he was saying at Pebble Beach. "Playing crummy bothered me more than I admitted because I've never done anything halfheartedly."

From Aug. 6, the day after the last round of the PGA championship at Oakland Hills, until Jan. 2, Nicklaus played only three rounds of golf and never practiced at all. He thought a lot. He tended to various business matters. He played husband and daddy. He went skiing, enjoyed tennis and took up jogging like the rest of the world.

"I'm not a serious runner," he said. "I only run a mile and a half or so maybe three nights a week because, frankly, it bores the hell out of me. But it makes me feel better, and my legs are in better shape for it."

Nicklaus rang in the New Year by going to work on his swing with his old teacher, Jack Grout. For three weeks they tried to get the swing flatter, to get the body to turn the way it used to.

"It's not there yet," Nicklaus said before play began. "It's great one day and lousy the next."

Then he proved it. After shooting a three-under 69 in the opening round at Cypress Point, he negotiated Spyglass Hill in a very untidy 76 on Friday. Even that day he threw a flood of birdies on the scoreboard, but the bad swing, with the consequent bogeys, crept in just often enough to hurt him. It hurt him doubly because he had a dazzling six-under-par 66 at Pebble on Saturday that left him three strokes off the lead; had he played more consistently on Friday he almost certainly would have been leading. Still his score at Pebble, he felt, was answer enough for all of the people who keep asking him questions about "retirement."

"I've always done other things besides play golf," he said. "To do nothing but play golf all the time would absolutely drive me insane. I think I'm going to issue a statement saying I won't answer any more questions about it."

After the Sunday roller coaster, he wound up with a 73, good for a share of 11th place.

There were other interesting figures to observe. One was Tom Watson, who had won his first time out, the week before at San Diego, thereby giving the PGA tour a look of familiarity it did not have at Palm Springs, where Craig Stadler won, or at Phoenix, where Jeff Mitchell prevailed.

Watson arrived on the tour looking ready, eager and polished. He gave the credit to the weatherman in Kansas City who had provided him with a mild "golfing" fall. The comparatively easy playing conditions of this year's Crosby—no wind, no cold—caught him a little off guard and put more players in the hunt. He found this disappointing, which may have had something to do with his so-so performance. The leading money-winner of last year (*and* '78 *and* '77) wound up five shots behind the winner in 13th place.

Then there was Lon Hinkle, the Crosby's defending champion and the man who contributed so much to the lore of the game by inventing the Hinkle Tree at last year's U.S. Open. He was worth a look for a variety of reasons. The first was because he had to break into his rental car to get his clubs on opening day. He had lost the keys. He borrowed a tire iron from a taxi driver, took an overlapping grip and started smashing in a window while 50 people in a restaurant gallered him.

"How do you file an accident report on a rent car?" Hinkle asked.

Later the same day he thrilled the crowds by hitting into the ocean on the famed postcard 16th at Cypress Point and then hitting to the back of the green with the same club. If it was not enough club to begin with, how could it have been too much club the second time? "The second ball was a mad swing," Hinkle said. "You get more distance on those." Hinkle's Car, Hinkle's Ocean. Then came Hinkle's Pond. He hit two balls into a pond on the 11th hole at Spyglass on Friday and made a 10. Hinkle's Ten.

Also present was Tom Weiskopf, another of the game's big stars who is struggling out of a slump. Weiskopf frequently has to file accident reports on himself. He showed up on the Monterey Peninsula too late for a practice round. "I've seen these courses before," he said. After he fired a two-under 70 at Spyglass on Thursday, hitting every fairway for the first time in his memory, people might have suspected that not practicing was a quaint new approach to golf. But then came Friday and he began missing putts. At the 10th hole he decided enough was enough, so he "helicoptered" his putter toward the golf bag. He picked up the two pieces, stuck them in the bag and used a one-iron to putt the rest of the way before eseaping to the bar of The Lodge at Pebble Beach with a 77.

The sort of things that were happening to Weiskopf and Hinkle helped keep the Crosby alive during those rounds when everybody was running around trying to find out who David Edwards was. Edwards turned out to be a spunky little guy who's about as old—23—as Nicklaus' putter, and who is starting his second year on the tour. He had qualified on Monday to get into the Crosby after having missed the cut at both Phoenix and San Diego. He became a factor on Thursday when his 67 left him only one stroke behind Jerry Pate and Tom Kite, the co-leaders. He became a larger factor on Friday when he shot a 69 to tie Kite for the lead. His height (5′ 8″) and his weight (144) became known to the world after the press got through with him on Saturday, when his even-par 72 gave him a total of 208 and a two-stroke lead on everybody. People also learned that he was from Edmond, Okla. and that his idea of high times was playing a pinball machine. "I've never even met Jack Nicklaus," he said.

Aficionados would remember that he was the NCAA champion in 1978, when he was competing for Oklahoma State, and that he was the younger brother of Danny Edwards, who has been on leader boards.

"I think I would have played better last year if I hadn't kept going home to see my girl," Edwards confessed. "We're married now, so that problem's out of the way."

The big question on Sunday was whether Edwards would politely get out of the way of Nicklaus and the rest of the biggies. It was certain that he was going to hear footsteps, but no one guessed there would be so many it would make his head ring like a pinball machine.

Or that a Roman numeral guy would come charging out of Dun & Bradstreet to beat both of them. **END**

NOW YOU SEE HIM, NOW YOU DON'T

There's much more to the complex personality of the 76ers' Darryl Dawkins, a/k/a Sir Slam, Dr. Dunk, etc., than the shattered pieces of NBA backboards

by BARRY McDERMOTT

The incidents will follow him for the rest of his career, marking him as indelibly as the midget pinch hitter did Bill Veeck. By shattering two backboards within 22 days, the Philadelphia 76ers' Darryl Dawkins sprayed Plexiglas, spread destruction and created a lasting image.

It had to happen. Ever since 1975, when he became the first high school player to be drafted by the NBA, Dawkins had maintained that his dream was to destroy a backboard, and at 6′ 11″ and 260 pounds, few doubted he could make it come true. And when it finally occurred during a game in Kansas City last Nov. 13, the result was spectacular. Dawkins soared and jammed the ball with two hands, and the backboard went poof, in a flash disintegrating into a fine spray of slivers. Asked later what he thought as the Plexiglas shards rained down on defender Bill Robinzine and him, Dawkins replied, "It was time to get out of Dodge."

A Kansas City maintenance man gathered up the pieces and announced that he would sell them as souvenirs. "This is going to make me a rich man," he said. However, the value of his collection declined on Dec. 5 when Dawkins splattered another backboard, this time at The Spectrum in Philadelphia. Afterward, Dawkins suggested the pieces of the second board be exhibited in a local museum and explained he had no control over his destructive force. "It was the power," he said. "The Chocolate Thunder. I could feel it surging through my body, fighting to get out." Not everyone was amused. NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien summoned Dawkins to his office, where they discussed the dangers of flying Plexiglas. Meanwhile, a Philly newspaper termed his deed "The Chocolate Blunder" and in its Sunday editions ran an entire page of letters from readers commenting on the wisdom of the Destructo Dunk.

For Dawkins and his deeds to become a subject worthy of an entire page of letters is no minor accomplishment, because pro basketball is a sport where the out of the ordinary is almost commonplace. Everybody dunks. Everybody soars. And yet, despite playing on a team with perhaps as much individual talent as any in history, and performing inconsistently at that, Dawkins has carved himself a special niche and in the process has almost mesmerized the media. He is the only player with a nine-point career scoring average ever to have his own newspaper column, a weekly forum in *The Philadelphia Journal* called *The Dunkateer Talks Back*.

Somerset Maugham once said, "Make people laugh, they will think you trivial." Most people figure that Dawkins is all style and no substance. They forget that he is 23 and even after five years in the NBA the second-youngest player on his team. It is almost as if Chocolate Thunder is sort of a surreal makeup that shows basketball fans the Dawkins they crave while allowing him the privacy to be what he wants.

No one, including Dawkins himself, knows what he's going to do or say next. His philosophy is to keep 'em guessing. "People get used to you, they get bored," he says. "You've got to change. Then you got 'em confused. Works every time." Last season he announced that he was going to retire from basketball and become a boxer. The papers dutifully reported this news. Then Dawkins renounced the tale and with a wink told reporters that it "made for a pretty good story, didn't it?"

Dawkins is a publicist's dream. At times he has shaved and oiled his head, and heightened the effect by sticking a gold earring in one lobe. He talks of living on his own planet, Lovetron, recently renamed Chocolate Paradise, speaks of "interplanetary funksmanship" and has developed a rather esoteric vocabulary to categorize his dunks. After he destroyed the backboard in K.C., he grandly designated his effort "The Chocolate Thunder Flying, Robinzine Crying, Teeth Shaking, Glass Breaking, Rump Roasting, Bun Toasting, Wham, Bam, I Am Jam."

This is caviar to the notebook and tape-recorder crowd, and in the locker room the reporters and broadcasters jam around Dawkins. And no matter how inane his comments, how farfetched his observations, his audience eats it up, recording his words as sage and enlightened thinking. To reduce locker-room traffic, the 76ers buffer Dawkins with two seldom-used rookies, Bernard Toone and Jim Spanarkel, who dress on either side of the Dunkateer. Nonetheless, oc-

continued

Though a 76er for five seasons, Dawkins is only 23 and is just starting to live up to his potential





casionally the media crush is so bad that, Spanarkel says, "I have to dress in the shower."

To further enhance his image, Dawkins wears two gold necklaces that swing and glitter as he runs up and down the court. Gold type spelling out one of his nicknames, Sir Slam, dangles from the first; from the other hangs a gold cross. And he drives something called the Dawkmobile, which, to paraphrase Tom Wolfe, is a metallic blue-kolored, gold-flake, streamline baby—a customized Corvette replete with pinstriping, huge chrome wheel covers, an undersized steering wheel, two chrome lion figurines atop the fenders, special tail fins and mirrors built into the hood. When the Dawk stands on it, really pushes down on the accelerator, the tires squeal and a cloud of exhaust shoots out the back, and the kids in The Spectrum's parking lot yell, "Hey, Dawk! Hey, Dawk! Do it, Dawk!"

And of course he *can* do it. Why, the man tears down backboards! And the nicknames. No one has more nicknames than Dawkins; he wears them like his necklaces. In the NBA everyone is given a nickname, but Dawkins has taken the ritual a step further, creating appellations for himself. One (Sir Slam) imparts noble rank, another (Dr. Dunk) bestows a medical degree on him. The rest are simply pure whimsy: Chocolate Thunder, Double D, Candy Slam, Squawkin' Dawkins, Pure Pleasure, Cool Breeze, Zandokan and Mad Dunker, with more to come.

It is in the dunk that Dawkins has discovered the perfect expression of his personality. Basketball is an ego game, one-on-one, you against your opponent, and the ultimate way to humiliate your man is the dunk. Dawkins doesn't let anyone forget his dunks, commemorating them with these descriptions: the Go-Rilla, the Cover Your Head, the Look Out Below, the Spine-Chiller Supreme. And—for those moments when he almost brings down the house, or at least the backboard—the No Playin', Get Out of the Wayin', Backboard Swayin', Game Delayin'. The odd thing is, Dawkins doesn't even lead the 76ers in dunks. Julius Erving does. But Erving doesn't name his.

Rising above the ordinary seems to be Dawkins' prime consideration. On occasion he wears one blue and one red sneaker because "I don't like to blend in with the crowd." And last month he announced that he wanted to be a vampire. He claimed they are cool because they have neat names like Dracula, wear capes and get to hang out at night chasing girls.

The fans love Darryl. When he is introduced, the noise level in The Spectrum rises appreciably. This is Dawkins' first season as a full-time starter, and he is still learning the game, but he is second

The Dunketeer's stuffs come in all shapes and seismic levels, so Phoenix fans were ready for anything



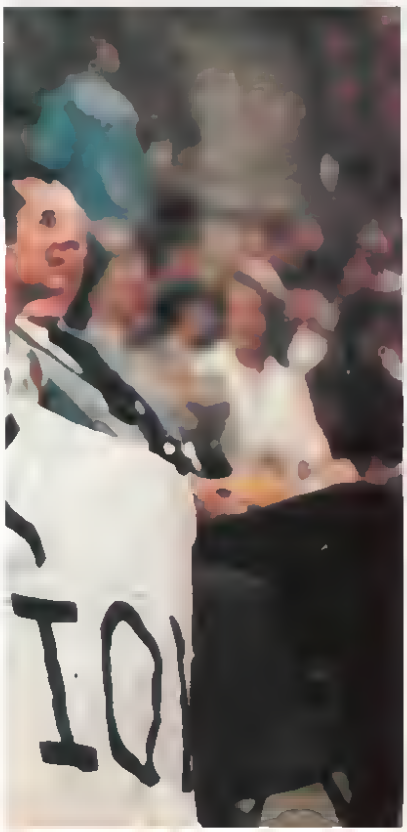
among the 76ers to Erving in scoring, with a 15-point average, and the depth of his fan support can be illustrated by the fact that he almost made the All-Star team, finishing second behind Moses Malone for center and ahead of Dave Cowens in the voting.

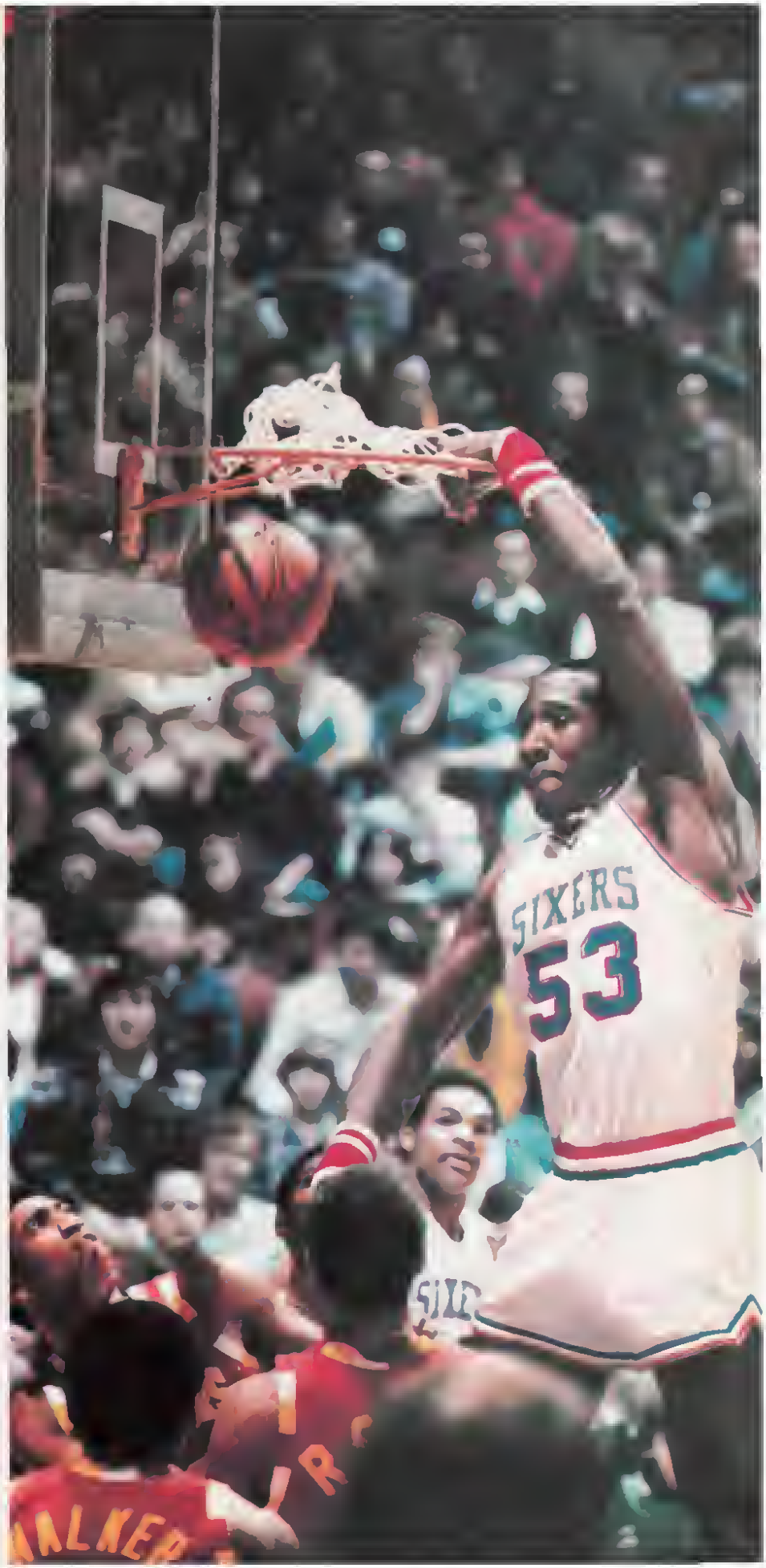
So it's working, isn't it? "I'm an entertainer," says Dawkins. "I got a wild imagination. I do whatever I think is going to make me known, to make me marketable so that I can do commercials, appearances, whatever. If you're interesting, people come to you."

Thus, in 1977 when he showed up for preseason workouts, he had a shaved head. "I got in a bad accident and broke all my hairs," explained Dawkins. Then he invented his own planet, where newspapers and television are not allowed and everyone is cool and funky. They eat candy called the Dunk A Crunch bar and exist on funk, which is, says Dawkins, "a universal force, something that is unknown to man."

To understand how far Dawkins has taken his brand of showmanship, consider that he kept coming on even *after* he fell into a mood approximating the dictionary's version of funk, rather than his own, and took a vow of silence during the 1978 playoffs. Explaining his no-talk stance, he said, in one of his more noted quotes, "Nothing means nothing.

continued







Dawkins manages to stay in tune when he's on the road by keeping his music close by at all times.

SIR SLAM *continued*

But it isn't really nothing, because nothing is something that isn't."

Dawkins has come a long way to Chocolate Paradise. When he signed a million-dollar contract in 1975, he was an 18-year-old whose knowledge of the world, to say nothing of other worlds, ended at the boundaries of an impoverished section of Orlando, Fla. officially called Ivy Lane but known as The Projects. His mother, Harriet, worked as a maid and sewed many of his clothes, and there were four other children and no father in the house. Dawkins helped support the family by working as a janitor at Maynard Evans High School, sweeping out classrooms and patching holes in the football field, and on weekends he changed tires in a shop owned by Charlie Caperilla. But when he signed the contract, Dawkins went from being a kid with nothing to a man with everything. More important, he was out of excuses. People expected the spectacular from him.

Of course, he couldn't deliver. His first season (1975-76) he played only 165 minutes, and little more the next. He claimed he wanted to be traded. He was not performing up to his potential, and, worse, he was on a team with the same rap against it. Then, in the 1977 playoffs, he was involved in a fight with Portland's Maurice Lucas. During the melee Dawkins clumsily hit his own teammate, Doug Collins, opening a cut over Collins' eye, but he did his real damage in the locker room, tearing down a steel partition, raging that the other 76ers hadn't come to his aid and claiming that his ineffectual showing as a fighter wasn't indicative of his pugilistic skills because his uncle, Candy McDaniels, "once fought Joe Louis." Actually, Dawkins was simply embarrassed. The next season he showed up again with a shaved head, an earring and far-out monologues.

Reporters began writing about his strength and macho image. Dawkins looks as if he could tear down the Empire State Building. But so do a whole bunch of other athletes. Once when teammate Lloyd Free's car was stuck in a snowdrift, Dawkins supposedly lifted up its rear end and put it down on bare earth. And when he cut his hand in 1977—doing the dishes, he said—the rumor spread that he had been involved in a playful sword fight with one of his relatives. "I don't even have a sword," said Dawkins. But he did let slip that he used to be something of a fighter in Orlando and told of a brawl at the city train station. "I got tired of hitting him," Dawkins said. "So I told him, 'If I stop hitting you, will you catch the next train out of town?' He said, 'Mr. Dawkins, I'll catch yesterday's train.' "

Actually, no one in Orlando remembers Dawkins fighting. Because he was such an imposing player at Maynard Evans, the opposition often taunted him and threw bananas and animal crackers at him. His coach, Fred Pennington, recalls a night in Tampa when Dawkins' uniform was torn from all the holding. Through it all, Dawkins was stoic. He never got a technical foul in high school, and only once did he threaten anyone—when an opponent made a disparaging remark about his mother and Dawkins chased him into the stands.

Dick Hulette, the team's assistant coach, cites the time Dawkins stopped several kids from bullying a smaller fellow at Hankins Park, the playground where he played street ball, often until 2 a.m. "If you gang up on him," Dawkins told them, "then you're going to have to get both of us." There was a similar incident at the high school one day when a group of whites and blacks were on the verge of brawling in a hallway. Dawkins stepped between them and said, "There'll be no trouble because the first that starts something, I'll deal with him."

This is how the people in Orlando remember Dawkins: when he was a sophomore, Pennington had him write down his long-term goals. Dawkins said he wanted to buy his mother a house, and at practice Pennington would remind him, "Darryl, you're getting closer." When Dawkins signed his contract he bought his mother a four-bedroom house and then had the home of his grandmother, Amanda Jones, remodeled and a heating system installed because she didn't want to move to a new place. He also bought himself a king-sized bed and a Lincoln Continental. His mother got a Cadillac, which meant she didn't have

to take the bus anymore. To this day, Dawkins supports a string of relatives.

Clearly, when you get behind the bombast, it develops that Dawkins is thinking about more things than his own planet. Teammate Bobby Jones calls him "a solid guy." Erving points out that Dawkins has a lot of personal problems. "More than most of us," he says. "Because he's a target, such a vulnerable target. The problem is that he makes himself so accessible."

Erving feels that the 76ers made a mistake in not playing Dawkins more in his first two years. "A lot of time was wasted," Dr. J says. "He didn't learn sitting on the bench. It made him very defensive and very insecure, and it stymied him as a basketball player. Now anytime he makes a mistake, it's hard for him to accept it. He gets mad. That's his offense being his defense. He's like Ali. So much of what he says is a smoke screen. I can tell you that Darryl cares, very much. He cares about the team."

"I don't open up to a lot of people," Dawkins says. "In the past people have taken advantage of me, and I don't intend to let that happen anymore. Nobody has a chance to get in and hurt me from within. Hey, I'm human. And the human things upset me in the same way they do others. It might take a little more to get to me, but they do. So I try not to let myself get close to anybody. I can get over physical hurt more easily than emotional hurt. Emotionally—you carry that pain around with you for years."

What it comes down to is that people expect too much of big people. A little guy is a spark plug. He hustles. But a big man like Dawkins, well, he should be great. After all, he can dunk. Erving thinks that Dawkins will be remembered less and less for his dunks and broken backboards and Chocolate Paradise. "He can be the best," says Dr. J. "He can do things that just haven't been done. He's the most coordinated player of his size that I've ever seen, and he has the physical skills and the mental capabilities. It's happening through evolution. He's been given the responsibility of being our man in the pivot. That's a lot of responsibility right there."

But aside from Dawkins' size and strength, it is his shooting touch that separates him from most men his size. College coaches were so overwhelmed at the sight of him swishing corner jump shots in high school they literally set up a stakeout in Orlando. The University of Florida bought season tickets to his games—one on each side of his mother—and when he arrived to open his tire shop on Saturdays, Caperilla knew that at least one college recruiter would be waiting. Says Dawkins, "One night a coach called. 'We'll give you a Cadillac. We'll take care of your mother, and we'll give you all the clothes you want.' I told the man I wanted to go back to sleep. It was four in the morning."

The 76ers' Jack McMahon arrived to scout him and found the gymnasium packed, so he paid a man $20 to be let in a back door. It was money well spent. "Players with this kind of talent are meant to be basketball players, not students," Mac told the press in explaining why Philly nabbed Dawkins right out of high school. For his pro signing Dawkins bought a white suit in Orlando, and his preacher, the Rev. W. P. Judge, pastor of the Antioch Primitive Baptist Church, accompanied him to Philadelphia. In the back of the room, unnoticed by reporters, stood Darryl's father, Frank. He didn't speak to anyone.

Dawkins won't divulge anything about his relationship with his father, who left the family when Dawkins was a child. But there are several men in Orlando who served as Dawkins' surrogate father while he was growing up, among them Pennington and Caperilla. "He needed somebody who would ride herd on him," says Pennington. Dawkins appreciated those who did. He was slow in reading, so a teacher, Judy Brown, tutored him. Dawkins would bring her flowers. And after his first pro season he called Caperilla and asked if his job changing tires was still available. Two days later he was at the shop at 8 a.m., and he worked most of the summer for $2.50 an hour, giving Caperilla a kind of free promotion and advertising he never could buy. "When someone helps you out, you shouldn't forget it," says Dawkins. Caperilla says, "If my children grow up to be like him, I'd be proud."

Told of Caperilla's statement, Dawkins says softly, "People took an interest in me while I was growing up because I was a good person, not a good basketball player. Basketball always comes second. Your family and your religion come ahead of basketball, and I don't care who you are or what you do, you need both of those things. I know what kind of person I am, so I don't care as much what people say about me. They can't hurt me as easily, because they don't know me. They say, 'Big and dumb. Big and a bully, hot dog . . .' They can call me whatever they want to."

Dawkins lives in Somerdale, N.J., a suburb about 20 minutes from The Spectrum. He cuts the grass, washes and irons his clothes, cooks the recipes his grandmother taught him and wants to raise a patch of vegetables in the back. Besides the Corvette, he drives a Jeep, likes to fish and hunt and knows that several years from now, when he finishes with pro basketball, he will go back home to Orlando, where the pace is slow and satisfying.

For relaxation, he bowls a little or goes to a movie. There are few books in his house; he finds his equivalent of literature in music. "Most people just go by the beat, but every song has a story," says Dawkins. "I didn't go to college, but I'm a little more advanced than a lot of people think."

The other side of Dawkins comes through in his poetry. He writes about love, about his family, about his day. Recently he wrote a poem to a girl friend and was happy that she had it framed. He was even more pleased that she didn't hang it on a wall, but kept it in a drawer. "That meant it was something special just between us," says Dawkins.

He doesn't talk like this in the locker room. There he is Chocolate Thunder, the man who bagged two backboards in a month. There he has his audience and his greasepaint, and there he can break down what he calls "the frown barrier." There people listen to his beat, not his story. After a game a writer asks what gifts he received upon his recent birthday. Dawkins answers, "Four girls. Beer, babes and basketball, that's my life." The reporters crowd around. Tape recorders hum. Fred Carter, once a Philadelphia player, now a television commentator, walks up and says, "Hey, man, what're you flying through the air for so much tonight? You keep it up, pretty soon they'll be giving you a cape."

"Hey, little man," snorts Dawkins. "I'll knock you down." He takes a few open-handed swipes at Carter. In the locker room, eyebrows arch. Is the big fellow serious? Then Dawkins gathers up his gym bag, puts on his coat and heads for the door. Outside, his fans are waiting. "Hey, Dawk!" they yell. "You did it tonight, Dawk! Hey, Dawk! . ." **END**



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In the thin light of a January dawn with snow on its breath, the cattle truck crunches its way up the icy ruts to a red barn set starkly on a West Virginia hillcrest. When it pulls up outside, half a dozen men dressed for winter in the Gulag swarm around it. The rear doors are opened, the ramp comes down. Before the driver can jump from the cab, the first item of cargo is unloaded: a sleepy thoroughbred. Three more horses follow. In less time than seems possible, all four are hitched to the arms of a mechanical hot walker.

That's just the short-term parking lot, though; their accommodations will be ready very shortly. Check-out time at Baird Farm is 7 a.m. and the management is strict. Even now four other horses, having vacated their warm stalls for the newcomers, are being led out of the barn and loaded into the truck. In a moment the truck will be carrying them downhill on its eight-mile return trip to Waterford Park, situated in the thin corridor of West Virginia that runs between Pennsylvania and the Ohio River. Come the afternoon, they will be racing on the track there. The new arrivals at the barn were yesterday's runners, now home again to enjoy some R and R.

The driver slams the door. Cowboy-booted and hatted, he wears the crooked, charming, self-deprecating grin of a Jimmy Stewart. His name is Dale Baird and, as anybody in West Virginia racing will tell you, he was last year's winningest owner *and* trainer in America.

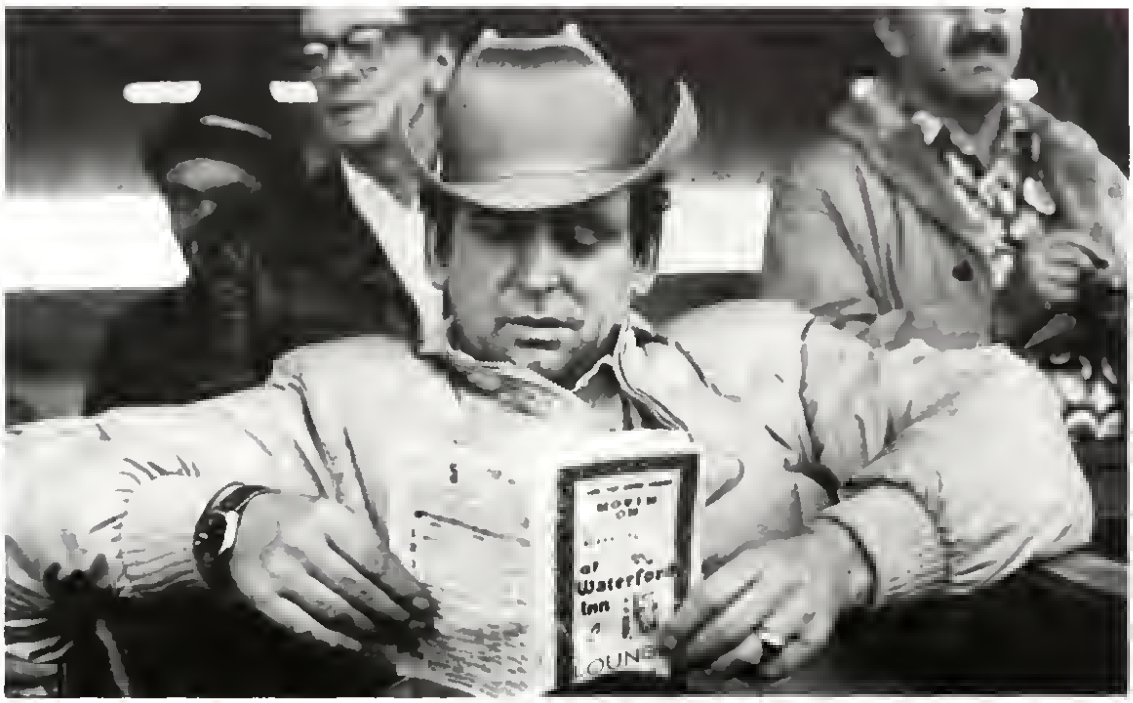
The *winningest*? What about that guy out in California, Laz Barrera, who had Affirmed? Well, that's a matter of semantics. Barrera is just good at winning money—a healthy $3,563,147 in 1979. Dale Baird wins races. Last year he trained 317 winners, 50 more than his nearest rival, Southern Illinois' Everett Hammond, 220 more than the great Barrera and Spectacular Bid's trainer, Bud Delp, who each had 97. What's more, last year was the third time in that decade that he won the title; he was also top man in '71 and '73. The last time anyone achieved an owner-trainer double was way back in 1949—a man named Hal Bishop did it then.

All 317 of Baird's winners, be it noted, crossed the wire at Waterford Park. As a track it lacks the tone, perhaps, of Santa Anita or Hialeah. It also lacks the purses. It is a pleasant, pretty racecourse, a green oasis among the scarred steel towns of the district, but it mostly features claiming races, often for as little as $1,500. Last year the total earnings of Baird's horses came to $556,127, and he raced 295 days. In the Hollywood Gold Cup last June, it took Affirmed less than two minutes to win almost half that amount—$275,000.

It is easy, therefore, to put down Baird's achievement, but that would be an injustice. Organizing an ever-changing string of more than 100 horses—he sells and buys about 200 horses each year and maybe no more than 20 stay with him for the whole period—is a formidable and complex operation that must command respect. If Baird *continued*

HE HAS THE HORSES

Trainer Dale Baird saddles 'em at Waterford Park in West Virginia, not Santa Anita or Hialeah, but he leads all the big names when it comes to adding up winners ***by CLIVE GAMMON***



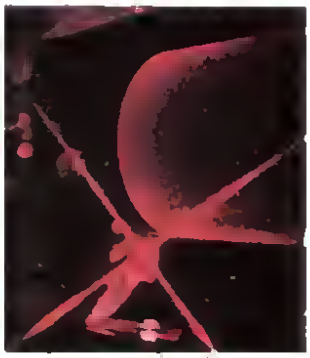
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has no connection with the Porsches and Lamborghinis of the horse world, then he is certainly its Henry Ford, churning out its Model Ts. As far as output goes, he has everybody licked. And he is always there to lend a hand on the production line.

It is a fair bet that no one ever saw Laz Barrera drive a horse van. Or not for a very long time. This very frosty morning, though, as every morning except Mondays (there being no Sunday racing at Waterford Park), Baird is working the shuttle service he runs between his barn at the track and his farm at Newell, where he lives in a trailer, his house having burned down eight years ago. The cattle truck he uses can take 11 horses roped nose-to-tail, and he sometimes needs that capacity with, let's say, somewhat more than the permissible maximum of 18 horses at the track, 45 more at Newell and around 40 at another farm at Martinsville, Ill. The logistics are daunting.

And so is the pace he keeps up. Seven days a week he is at his track barn at the horseman's hour of 6 a.m. and, since for the better part of the year there is night racing at Waterford Park, he might not be in bed until 1 a.m.

Even so, there was no sign of wear and tear to be noted when, an hour before shuttle time, he had got down to morning feed at the track. Looking younger than his 44 years, he announced, "First we feed, then we eat!" At this stage of the day his only assistant is Nancy Brezinsky, one of those small, wiry girls that you see working with horses on every track in America. Between them, operating as if a time-and-motion expert had laid down every move, they take care of more than 25 horses in six minutes flat from a wheelbarrow of sweet feed and oats.

That leaves little time for the niceties with the animals, which are identified by names written on their halters in Magic Marker, with a turnover like Baird's, remembering which is which can be tough. But he does pause before a dark bay named Little Chuck. "That's our big one," he says, an unusual note of pride in his voice.

One can only respond with a polite inquiry.

"Sure," says Baird, "Spectacular Bid and them won a lot of races last year, but they didn't win 12! This is the winningest horse in America!"

Well, yes indeed, Little Chuck, an 8-year-old gelding, won a dozen races in '79, so tying for first place—numerically—with a horse called American Moon, which ran at Penn National in Harrisburg. Little Chuck's earnings came to $18,000.



At times Baird's busy operation, complete with a mechanical hot walker, resembles an assembly line

By 6:10 a.m. Baird and Brezinsky are in the track kitchen to breakfast with the rest of the crew, 11 of them all told. The kidding is heavy, sharp but friendly, and an outsider has the feeling of intruding on a well-established TV sitcom. Brezinsky, who used to be an overseas operator on the Pittsburgh telephone exchange, bears the early brunt by insisting that in spite of her surname she is Irish. "An Irish setter," somebody guffaws. "Always settin' around!" She puts her face into a can of Mello Yello, the improbable breakfast she has chosen.

It is plain that his crew holds Baird in no particular awe. "What would we get for you by the ounce, Mac?" the boss sniggers when the price of gold comes up as a topic.

Mac, one of the hot walkers, is not amused. "I don't want to hear you this morning," he tells Baird coldly. But when the upcoming Super Bowl is mentioned—Pittsburgh is only 47 miles down the road—he offers the chief a sporting bet of nine kicks in the butt to one on the Steelers.

Then it is back to serious matters. Baird's 18-year-old son, Perry, is to set out that morning from Illinois with a van-load of horses his father bought over the phone from a man in Denver. He's been having trouble loading one particular mare. "I told him," Baird informs the company, "practice loading that mare seven times. Then she'll go." He seems worried about the long trip, though.

Without a signal, the crew gets up and heads for the barn. Within seconds they are working as intensively and as fast as a Ferrari pit crew changing a wheel at a Grand Prix. By the time that Baird takes off in the van, the production line is in full swing. When he returns, though, he is not above grabbing a rake and helping to clear out old straw.

Then he is holding the head of a claimer called Leon's Delight while Jim Phillips, the blacksmith, shoes him. Meanwhile, the crew is shifting horses in and out of the stalls like a harried Manhattan apartment-house doorman switching around parked cars. As soon as an exercise boy comes in from galloping, a new horse is waiting for him and he is sliding off, grabbing his saddle and remounting while his previous ride is passed to a hot walker. One exercise rider says, "This horse is so sore, his ears hurt." At one point, Baird himself has three horses in hand. But somehow or other it all works out, and it works out fast. A little later on, Brezinsky says, "You do a lot of things in this crew. Rake out the shed-

continued

row, tack up horses, bandage 'em, cool 'em out, pony the horses, gallop 'em. Sometimes you get to drive the truck."

With his turnover of horses, his constant claiming, buying and selling, it would seem that Baird works to a long-term plan, but he denies this. He can only operate, he says, on a day-to-day basis, pragmatically, with little in the way of an overall strategy. But the seemingly patchwork approach works.

"If you don't know what you are doing in this game," a friend of his had said earlier, "they can break you quick. But Dale has the eye."

Later in the day, in a rare moment of quiet, Baird said, "O.K., this is the cheapest racetrack in the country. A horse comes here when he has no place else to go. So people call me up from all over the country. The art lies in knowing what to buy."

One of the most important hours of his day, usually in the evening, is spent studying the Waterford Park condition book, which lists requirements for entries in future races. For example, one such might call for 4-year-olds that had not won in three races over a mile in the past six months. So what Baird might look for in his stock, or acquire for the purpose, is a horse that has been narrowly beaten at the distance or has won over a shorter trip. Or maybe one that shows promise but might have a minor injury that he thinks can be fixed.

"The art is in buying a horse with the right qualifications. There's no sense in buying one that's a bargain, well worth the money, if he doesn't fit in with this track.

"You also have to remember that most horses you buy at this level have problems, and you have to figure which ones can run with their problems. Ankle problems, knee problems. Some are worse than others. You have to be able to tell. When you come down to it, most horses that can run have some kind of trouble; they aren't wholly sound."

It follows from this, of course, that Baird relies heavily on phenylbutazone, or Bute, the anti-inflammatory and thus pain-killing drug that is widely under attack nationally as well as in West Virginia, where the state legislature is considering whether it should be banned from the tracks. Says Baird, "People who knock Bute don't know as much about it as they think they do. It helps a horse heal, as well as taking the pain away. Now, though, you have to run a horse for a much longer period of time, and Bute keeps 'em sounder. Heck, more humans take it than horses."

Later that day a horseman came up to Baird waving, with visible outrage, a bill for feed he had just received. "Yeah," said Baird, "I just did my taxes this week. I paid out $111,000 for feed in '79. Feed bills nearly doubled over three years. Once I never raced in the winter, but now I have to go the whole year because of inflation." Going the whole year clearly means more pressure on the stock, more reliance on Bute.

At Waterford Park, however, Baird is admired by many for foreseeing inflation. Robert Graham, the executive vice-president of Ogden Corp., which owns the track, says Baird would have been successful in any business he took up. "Look at the way he's coped with the price bulge. He has his own farms, his own transportation, makes bulk purchases of feed."

A businessman, indeed, is all Dale Baird claims to be. "I don't look for a big horse," he says. "It would be a million to one. I'm not interested in breeding or raising horses. It's a business. If a horse can run, that's all I ask for."

It sounds a simple enough system. So why is he so far out in front of his chosen, limited field? His answer is simple also. "You have to go out and work every day. And most people don't."

His is the work ethic that built the worn-out steel towns you drive through on the way to the track. He did admit, though, that the actual buying of horses gave him fresh pleasure each day, that for him, the archetypal horse trader, each day was different.

That afternoon the prospect of a deal with some horsemen from Louisiana suddenly developed. So it was left to Breznsky to study the overnight card. "Only three in for tomorrow," she muttered. "That ain't gonna make him happy."

Well, it would slow him up a little, perhaps. But in the ninth race of the afternoon, Senator Baffler, one of the horses he had vanned down to Waterford that morning, won for him, pushing his January victory total up to 11. He wound up with 24 wins for the month. Not bad. January, as he had noted earlier, is a slow month anyway. And *The Old Farmers' Almanac* had forecast that the rest of the winter would be mild, which meant more racing days than normal to come.

Indeed, an additional forecast might have been in order. Barring accidents, it looks remarkably likely that Dale Baird will still be holding on to that title of his at the end of 1980. **END**

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There are no dreams of the "big horse" for Baird—just give him stock that can get to the track

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1. To enter, you must clearly print your name, address and answers to two questions: "1 A Cobra is ☐ a great new drink made with COla and The Christian Brothers BRAndy, ☐ a racy, sporty, special-edition Ford Mustang, ☐ a leading name in CB radios, ☐ all of the above 2 The Christian Brothers Brandy is distilled, blended, and bottled in which California city?_____" (Answer can be found on any Christian Brothers Brandy front label, free label may be obtained from The Christian Brothers, PO Box 6 Pound Ridge NY 10576

2. Submit entry on an official entry form or on a 5" x 8" card and mail in an envelope no larger than 4⅛" x 9½" to The Christian Brothers Win the Cobra Contest, PO Box 3000 New Canaan, CT 06842

3. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope Entry form may not be reproduced mechanically NO PURCHASE IS REQUIRED

4. All entries must be postmarked by April 30 1980 and received by May 10 1980 Winners will be determined by random drawing from among all correctly answered eligible entries Winners will be notified by mail

5 Grand Prize: Fully equipped 1980 Ford Mustang Cobra, including Cobra option package and Cobra hood graphics, subject to manufacturer availability Title license plate and registration fees are the responsibility of the winner Ten Second Prizes: Cobra 4 70LR CB-AM FM Radios, One thousand Third Prizes. Cobra T-Shirts Prizes may not be transferred or substituted. Local state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. Only one prize will be awarded per family

6. All 1 011 prizes (valued at $14 000) will be awarded The odds of winning are a function of the number of correctly answered eligible entries received

7 Contest is open to all residents of the United States who are of legal drinking age in their home state Affidavits may be required of winners. The following persons are not eligible members of The Order Of The Brothers Of The Christian Schools, employees of the following organizations and their families Mont La Salle Vineyards, Fromm and Sichel Inc their advertising and merchandising agencies, V I P Service Inc liquor and wine wholesalers and retailers, federal and state liquor and wine authorities

8. A list of winners will be furnished after July 31 1980 to anyone who sends a self-addressed stamped envelope by May 1 1980 to Cobra Winners, PO Box 202 Pound Ridge NY 10576

9. Contest is void in AL, CA, CO GA, MI NJ OH OK PA, TX, UT, and VA, and wherever restricted or prohibited by law. No correspondence will be answered



OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter, answer the following questions. Winners will be selected by random drawing of correctly completed entries.

1 A Cobra is ☐ a great new drink made with COla and The Christian Brothers BRAndy ☐ a racy, sporty, special-edition Ford Mustang, ☐ a leading name in CB radios, ☐ all of the above.

2 The Christian Brothers Brandy is distilled, blended, and bottled in which California city? (Answer can be found on any front label of The Christian Brothers Brandy.)_____

Send your completed entry to The Christian Brothers WIN THE COBRA CONTEST PO Box 3000 New Canaan CT 06842 I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

Brandy from The Christian Brothers® of California.

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WINTER OLYMPIC PREVIEW

LAKE PLACID

STEEL AND FIRE ON ICE

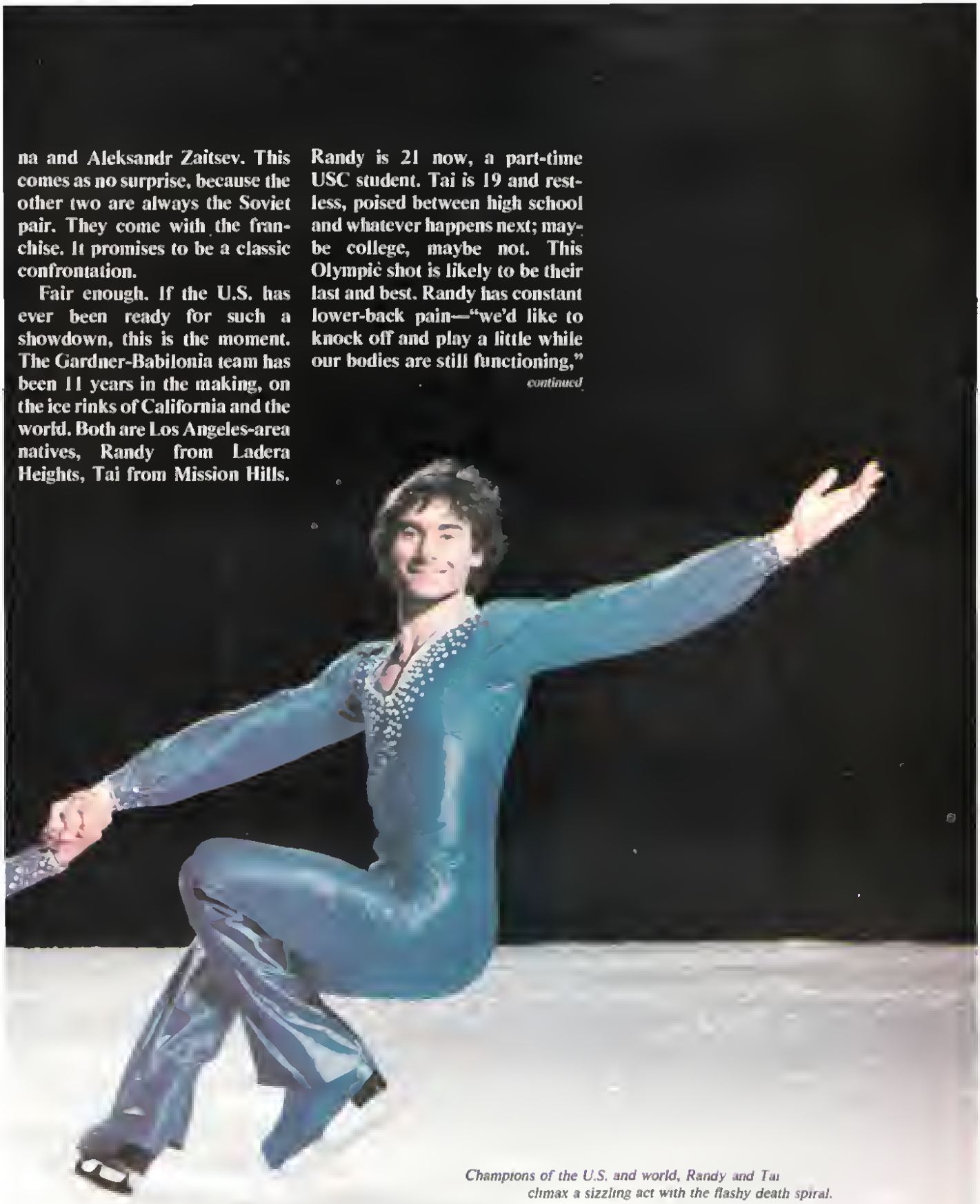
How's this for a strange combination of names? He is Randy Gardner. Nothing at all exotic there; you can hang your hat on a name like that. But, uh, she is Tai Reina Babilonia. Say it and the very sound raises images of almond eyes and finger cymbals and folks lounging around eating grapes from the tips of daggers. The matching of Gardner-Babilonia doesn't seem quite right at first—top-heavy, maybe—but, as it turns out, Randy and Tai are perfectly matched; they are the most formidable pair in U.S. figure skating history, five times the national champions and current world champs. Together, they make up two of the sport's top four prospects for a gold medal at the Winter Olympics starting next week. The other two are the Soviet pair, Irina Rodni-



na and Aleksandr Zaitsev. This comes as no surprise, because the other two are always the Soviet pair. They come with the franchise. It promises to be a classic confrontation.

Fair enough. If the U.S. has ever been ready for such a showdown, this is the moment. The Gardner-Babilonia team has been 11 years in the making, on the ice rinks of California and the world. Both are Los Angeles-area natives, Randy from Ladera Heights, Tai from Mission Hills. Randy is 21 now, a part-time USC student. Tai is 19 and restless, poised between high school and whatever happens next; maybe college, maybe not. This Olympic shot is likely to be their last and best. Randy has constant lower-back pain—"we'd like to knock off and play a little while our bodies are still functioning,"

continued



Champions of the U.S. and world, Randy and Tai climax a sizzling act with the flashy death spiral.

he says. "We've been missing a lot of regular-people life," says Tai.

Pair skaters must perform as mirror images; they work together so closely, with so little time for anything but training, it is no wonder that most pairs are in love, engaged, married or brother and sister. Randy and Tai don't fit into any of those categories; heck, they don't even figure they've got to stop meeting like this. The way Tai sees it, their relationship goes beyond all the others

"We're like boyfriend and girlfriend, but we're not that," she says. Does that explain it? Randy nods in agreement—he has postponed all serious dating until, say, Monday, Feb. 18, the day after their event in the Olympics. But Tai is serious about getting this just right. "It's like being husband and wife in a way," she says, "and sometimes like being brother and sister—but we're not that, either." Does that make it any clearer? Well, then: "It's, um, it's like being best friends," she says, "but it goes way beyond that, too." Understand? Exactly.

At 5′ 8″ and 145 pounds, Randy looks ascetic and coolly handsome, even slightly consumptive in just the right light. Randy's serious look speaks of nobody-knows-the-trouble-I've-seen, and when he smiles, he appears considerably less than ferocious. It is all sham.

The hard fact is that Randy is all pulled together, with roughly 45 miles of pure sinew. He is enormously strong and quick; if dropped headfirst from the roof of a rink, he would land on his skates every time. It is a further measure of his deception that, going full blast, he does elegantly flowing things with his fingertips, beckoning Tai to his side. And then, with what seems to be the merest bit of backspin, he throws her over the Zamboni. Tai spends a lot of time high in the air, looking down at the crowd. She and Randy have introduced a daring and graceful new dimension to the sport, which is all the more gutty because it isn't absolutely necessary. They could rely on bits and pieces of more balletic fluff, full of swoops and slow spins; play a safer game to ensure a medal, as their arch rivals, the Soviet pair, do. "Rodnina doesn't even *land* by herself," says Tai. "I mean, every time he picks her up, he always just gently puts her back down."



Relentless in their workouts, Randy and Tai check out a high kick with Coach John A. W. Nicks

Not Gardner-Babilonia. Tai is 5′ 5″ and weighs 115 pounds, although she looks and photographs taller. More trickery. It is now a familiar phenomenon in skating that whenever Randy picks up Tai, everybody watching involuntarily flinches; something bold is about to happen. And when it works—when Tai lands perfectly on that right outside edge—folks somehow feel much better for it, as if they had just looked into the eye of the sport.

With all this, it figures that Randy and Tai will go for it all, right off, when the music starts at Lake Placid. After hitting top speed, Randy'll wave Tai in—and then flip her up and away in a throw double axel. She'll spin, rhinestones ablaze, through 2½ turns, picking up speed from right to left, then land lightly, going backward. It will all happen in a blink—a 20-foot toss. "It's a big opener," Randy says with a shrug. "Gets their attention," says Tai. And John A. W. Nicks, their coach, admits it is the grand gamble.

"The prospects for a fall are appalling," he says. "Other skaters can do the throw double axel, but nobody in the world today can do it as far or as fast as Randy and Tai. It's dangerous; if they blow it, they could blow the Olympics. At that speed, it's like throwing somebody off a train. She would probably slide into the boards and might not be able to catch up."

But mostly they do it successfully and, at this point, with roughly 4½ minutes to go in a five-minute exercise, they sure as shootin' have got everybody's attention. Then come a lot more moves in quick sequence: spins and jumps and flips with strange names and, somewhere in all this, the one-arm star lift. That takes a bit of explanation.

"I'm like a star, see?" says Tai. "That is, I spread out my arms and legs to form the points of a star, while Randy holds me up in the air." Well, "a star*fish*," Randy says, perhaps seeking a less weighty image, because he supports all those points with just his right arm, smiling all the while as if to say, can't talk right now, I've got this girl over my head.

Lifts are perilous but vitally important to pair skating, and making them look easy is the hard part. Once, when they were kids, Randy slipped and Tai dropped out of a split twist. She landed on her face and the crash knocked out



Ice is always nice, but a little bit of relaxing roller-disco can work wonders for a training regimen

one front tooth and loosened six others; the only thing that kept them in place was her braces. The tooth went skittering away on the ice and, while Tai was suiting up to go to the hospital, another skater found it in a far corner. Tai presented it to the dentist; the tooth was hammered back into place and the braces were retightened. And a few days later, through hideously puffed lips, Tai said to Randy: "Lithen, leth try that thplit twi'th again until we're thure of it." Tai, too, is tough.

The courage that goes with pair skating is hard to define; it's hidden away behind an aura of cold self-assurance. "Lord knows, you can't spot the quality in kids," says Nicks. "I used to search out potential pairs; I would point to two tiny hotshots on the ice and predict that they would go all the way. I was always wrong. But Randy and Tai have more than their talent. There is enormous self-discipline and the ability to produce under pressure. Any pain they may feel is carefully hidden away where the spectators can't see it."

Nicks figures that the new elements introduced by his pair, athleticism and grace, will be the mode for at least the next two Olympics. "I didn't want to beat all the others by copying them," he says.

And after the first athletic burst, Gardner-Babilonia continue their number with a balletic sequence—"you catch your breath while communicating with the crowd," she says—and finish with their big ender, the death spiral. This is the move most familiar to those who occasionally watch figure skating: the laid-back spin in which the man swirls the woman horizontally over the ice until, ideally, she comes back up with frost on the back of her head and not her fanny. As the name implies, it's not easy—most skaters put it in the middle of a program, when they've still got the steam. It consumes all the energy Randy has left. "At which point we come up," he says, "do a couple of turns and say, 'Ta da.' And that's it."

Well, that ought to be it. But now comes the sneaky stuff and that confrontation with the Soviet pair. A number this stunning has got gold medal stamped all over it; somebody ought to be able to seal Randy and Tai in Lucite—spangles, skates and all—and hang them from the ceiling of the Smithsonian. But anybody who thinks they are a shoo-in doesn't understand the tricky realities of a sport that is governed by subjective voting. Quick translation: subjective voting is where an Eastern bloc judge turns to a Western bloc judge and says, "I agree that they were superb, the best. And you trot them out in the *next* Olympics and I'll sure vote for them. But first. . . ."

And up pop Rodnina and Zaitsev, wife and husband, both Merited Masters of Sport of the U.S.S.R., ages 30 and 27, recent mommy and daddy and long-standing champions of the Soviet Union, Europe, the world and the last Olympics. It was when the Zaitsevs took maternity leave from the 1979 world championship in Vienna that Randy and Tai swept to the title, the first Americans in 29 years to pull it off. (It was no fluke: their show stood skating on its ear. One West German judge turned up a perfect 6 and four others, including a Soviet judge, voted 5.9s.)

But now the Zaitsevs are back for one more run, and the unspoken understanding in the sport is that, given one more Olympic gold, they'll glide off to a Soviet ice show to reign forever. This sort of misplaced sentimentality is largely old-

continued

school European; young skaters must wait their turn. With that attitude, no proper cynic in the U.S. would be much surprised if Irina skated out carrying 11-month-old Sasha in her arms, playing for the kitchy-kitchy-coo vote. But that is too harsh; the Zaitsevs are, indeed, a sensational pair, and what they may lack in throws, they make up for in lifts. The only way to beat them, to overcome the winter-book odds, will be to pull off an exercise that nobody can vote down, tacit agreements be damned.

And this, naturally, is what drives Randy and Tai on. The prospect of a showdown with this celebrated pair is just about as exciting to them as the prospect of an Olympic gold medal; some days it could go either way in terms of importance. What they want to do is to take part in a competition that will make history in their sport, the sort of thing that would be followed by an asterisk in the record books. At the bottom of the page, just behind the asterisk, it would note, Lord, Lord, you should have been there for this one.

After all, they're not going to do this forever, like the Zaitsevs and, before them, the Protopopovs, who recently defected to the U.S. (and the Ice Capades). Gardner-Babilonia have been skating as a team since Randy was 10 and Tai was eight, and more and more often now they have a sense of all right, already. Both are vaguely aware that there is another life out there, one in which people sleep in until at least six o'clock every morning, gobble junk food and don't wear rhinestones to work. Randy wants to get back to USC and be a cinema major, having finally patched his freshman year together in bits and pieces between skating competitions. Tai wants to slip into something comfortable, like jeans and running shoes, and study commercial art.

Practically the first thing Randy and Tai can remember is being forced to appear as Dr. and Mrs. Dolittle in a Culver City skating club revue, both of them genially hating each other on sight. They had wanted to go on as singles. "We were not only bad, we were funny," Tai says. But they were also Instant Team, with both of them suddenly communicating through a sort of mental radar that the grownups figured was positively eerie. On the ice, each one instinctively knew where the other was, with no peeking, and if one fell the other could vamp until ready without so much as looking over a shoulder. And now that it is even more natural to them, they agree that it *is* sort of spooky at that, as if they had been dropped into California out of a Ray Bradbury novel and had sought each other out.

But off the ice, nothing has been easy. Neither the Gardners nor the Babilonias are wealthy, a condition that probably should be required for folks who would raise skating kids. Randy's dad, Jack, is a cost accountant for Hughes Aircraft and his mom, Jan, is a schoolteacher. Tai's father, Constancio, is a detective sergeant on the Los Angeles police force. He could have retired in 1977, but he is pulling another five—and doubling as a security guard at Paramount Studios—to pay for Tai's coaching and equipment. "Well," he says, "we've always been a competitive family and I was all for this right from the start, when Tai first showed an interest in skating. Of course, I didn't know it would go *this* far."

Since 1971 it has been John Nicks who has tuned this synchronized machine—"he taught us all the neat stuff," says Tai—through a series of delicate adjustments. Nicks is regarded as the most inventive coach in a sport in which copying has always been considered the safest course. He has insisted that it is possible to combine ballet with bounce on the ice. "It takes a willingness to be different," he says, "even when it's risky."

And now Randy and Tai are ready for the ultimate risk. They are working out twice a day, every day, and at night Randy lifts weights, doggedly doing squats with 145-pound barbells. It adds to the deception: he grows quietly stronger, but it doesn't show.

And even as you read this, Tai grows prettier, which is an unnecessary but welcome plus in the sport. She is as tawny in color as a lioness, an almost-finished woman of full bosom, tiny waist and *im*possibly long legs. Indeed, had Tai been born in another era, say, of the Garrick Gaieties and Diamond Jim Brady and The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing, it is possible that fat men in brocade vests would be drinking champagne from her skate boot.

As it is, however, Tai is content to hide her own particular grittiness behind her soft appearance. And if much of figure skating is wonderful illusion anyway, then it has all come together in Tai. Her dad is Filipino and her mother is a stunning, dark-skinned Louisiana beauty. The name Tai was suggested by her godfather, Matsumi Nakashima, who says it means "tranquil" in Japanese. Her middle name, Reina, is Spanish for queen. That one was Dad's idea, because, he says, "the Spanish ruled the Philippines for all those years."

Perfect. You blend all that in with a strong, straight-ahead name like Randy Gardner, and you've got a team. The rest of it, as they say in figure skating, is all rhinestones. And guts.

—Bob Ottum



FIGURE SKATING

MEN

Robin Cousins *Great Britain*
Charles Tickner *U.S.A.*
Vlaoimir Kovalev *U.S.S.R.*

WOMEN

Linda Fratianne *U.S.A.*
Anett Pötzsch *East Germany*
Emi Watanabe *Japan*

PAIRS

Zaitsev-Roonina *U.S.S.R.*
Garoner-Babilonia *U.S.A.*
Shakrai-Cherkasova *U.S.S.R.*

DANCE

Karponosov-Linichuk *U.S.S.R.*
Sallay-Regöczi *Hungary*
Summers-Smith *U.S.A.*



BET ON ERIC AND BETH

Two champs with but a single goal: big brother, 21, mighty mite, 20.

CONTINUED

It has been a secret for months: the 1980 U.S. Olympic speed skating uniforms will be *gold*. What a morale raiser and motivator, what a compelling symbol of incipient triumph, right? Here, certainly, is a psychological weapon to demoralize the opposition and psych up the Americans to win. Well, not really. Perhaps for those of us who are armchair psychotherapists, romantics and other simplistic theoreticians of sport it would work. But not necessarily for speed skaters. And definitely not necessarily for the most golden skater of them all—Eric Heiden, the incredible young man from Madison, Wis. who is likely to leave Lake Placid with more gold medals than most national teams. For Eric, at least, the idea that there might be some magic in those golden threads isn't convincing. "It's always neat to get a new suit," he says. "I don't know that gold is any better than another color."

Good point, for the truth is that Heiden has won every speed skating race over the past three years wearing just about any color he has decided to put on. Indeed, one of the more celebrated news photos ever to run in the newspapers of Norway (where Heiden is almost as famous as the King himself) shows Eric and his U.S. teammates skating in their underwear—a prank they played after Heiden's third world championship.

The fact is, he needs to bring nothing to the rink but the splendor of his 6′ 1″, 185-pound physique and the absolute steadiness of his psyche. Even when he is at rest, his great strength is almost palpable. His control over his strokes—be they swift, slashing explosions in a 500-meter sprint or mighty marathon strides in a 10,000—is as precise and as constant as if he were computerized. And his self-confidence is as inexorable as the flowing of a mighty river. Although just 21, Heiden isn't only the best speed skater racing today but also the best speed skater in history.

Even the experts in the sport marvel at him. Not long ago, Annie Henning, a gold and bronze winner in the 1972 Games in Sapporo, watched Heiden race at West Allis, Wis. "My God," she said as he made one of his patented sweeping grand tours of the rink. "I don't believe what I am seeing when I see Eric skate. He just isn't real. He maintains such unbelievable control over his body. If he happens to misjudge a little and runs down, he always has another little muscle somewhere in that big body where he can pull out whatever power he needs. He's as close to perfect as you can get." Terry McDermott, the winner of a gold medal in 1964 and a silver in 1968, says, "Eric is definitely the best who ever skated."

Heiden is expected to be just that at the Olympics at Lake Placid next week. He could well win five gold medals. That means a victory in every one of the men's events, to wit: 1) the 500, which takes no more than 40 seconds; 2) the slightly less explosive 1,000, in which Eric holds the world record of 1:13.60; 3) the middle-distance 1,500 at roughly 2:15; 4) the 5,000, which demands both endurance and hard driving, at about 8:20; and 5) the muscle-devouring event that is the speed skater's version of the marathon, the 10,000. That one lasts for an eternity of roughly 15 minutes.

If Heiden does win all his events at the Olympics, it will be a feat unprecedented among men. The Dutchman Ard Schenk, who at 6′ 2″ was a sort of supersized Hans Brinker, came close: he won three golds in four events at Sapporo. Only one person—the Soviet Wonder Woman, Lydia Skoblikova—ever swept an Olympic speed skating card; she won all four female events at Innsbruck in 1964. And now Heiden has mastered the entire spectrum. As McDermott says: "Eric is not a true, true sprinter. The 500 compares to a 200-meter dash in track: it takes stamina plus excellent speed, which requires a great amount of conditioning. Eric is magnificently conditioned. As for the long distances, I have never seen a skater maintain his technique and composure throughout the 5,000 and 10,000 the way he does. His lap times hold even or sometimes decrease as the race goes on. Other skaters' times increase by half or a full second per lap after a while, but Eric just is there skating 35s or 34s around and around the rink."

No one competing in any sport at Lake Placid has the potential for winning more gold than Eric Heiden. And the gold-suited American speed skating team could conceivably win more medals of all metals than any other national team in any other sport at Lake Placid—probably more than any entire U.S. Winter Olympic team has ever won in *all* sports combined in a single Games.

The best overall American total in the Winter Olympics (which were inaugurated in 1924) occurred at Lake Placid in 1932 when the U.S. team won an even dozen medals—six gold, four silver, two bronze. But U.S. speed skaters alone could come away from Lake Placid with as many as 16 or 17 medals in their nine (five men's, four women's) events. Among the likely medal winners besides Eric is his mite of a sister, Beth, 20, who has been almost as triumphant as Eric in her racing career. At a mere 5′ 2″ by 106 pounds, she looks downright frail compared with many other women skaters, yet Beth was the 1979 all-round women's world champion (having won the 500, 1,000, 1,500 and 3,000). Beth is nearly certain to win a medal of some kind in two of the three longer events. And Leah Poulos Mueller, silver medalist in the 1,000 at Innsbruck '76 and current women's world sprint champion, could well bring home a gold in the 500 and the 1,000. What's more, there is a flock of other strong, eager, relatively new American women skaters who should add a silver here and a bronze there. As for the men, Peter Mueller (Leah's husband), who won a gold medal in the 1,000 at Innsbruck in 1976, is almost certain to earn a medal again in one or two events, and Dan Immerfall, a bronze medalist in the 500 in 1976, and Dr. Mike Woods, an expert at the long-distance events, should help, too.

This surfeit of riches is almost beyond belief in a sport that has fewer than 200 truly serious competitors in a nation which, until the Lake Placid speed skat-

ing oval was completed in 1978, had only one rink in all the land—that being the pollution-plagued course at West Allis, Wis. Yet, ever since Winter Olympiad I in Chamonix, France, when one Charlie Jewtraw of Lake Placid, N.Y. won the first gold medal in any winter sport (in the 500), U.S. speed skating teams have produced more glittering prizes than any American entry—32 medals in all, 11 of them gold.

Though it may seem both logical and predictable that Eric has come to be an authentic speed skating immortal, the fact is his ascendancy was at first a surprise. At 17 he had been a callow also-ran in the '76 Olympics (finishing seventh in the 1,500 and 19th in the 5,000) although he went on to place a creditable fifth in the overall world championship two weeks later. Then the next winter, it was suddenly *Shazam!* The young man with the face of a choirboy was transformed into Captain Marvel-Blades and won the overall men's world title in Heerenveen, The Netherlands, leading in standings from start to finish. It was a preposterous performance—an unheralded 18-year-old became the first American to hold this title since 1891 when one Joseph F. Donoghue from Newburgh, N.Y. became the first "declared" world champion.

Indeed, it was such a crazy-seeming turnabout that Heiden says now, "It just didn't seem right. It had to be a fluke. The guys I beat had all been beating me by three or four seconds in the 1,000 and by 20 or 30 seconds in the 5,000. They were all about 25 years old and had been training all their lives to be nothing but skaters."

But success didn't breed sloth. Eric's championship encouraged him to work even harder to prove it wasn't a fluke. "Now I knew that training like that would pay off, that I could really expect to get something in return for it. It made all the hard work really worthwhile." And, as is now skating history, he repeated as all-round world champion in 1978 and 1979, and was the world sprint champion, too. Today he is more famous than rock stars in Oslo and Amsterdam—so much so that he is tired of the attention. "It can be a drag," Heiden says. "I really prefer being obscure. I liked competing in a sport that was obscure—at least in the States it was. But now people are beginning to recognize me around Madison, and it's kind of hard. I like to be myself and do what I like without being watched—or even being noticed. I'm planning to quit racing after the Olympics. Maybe, if things had stayed the way they were and I could still be obscure in an obscure sport, I might want to keep skating. I really liked it best when I was a nobody."

At the moment, Heiden's plan for after the Olympics is to "backpack, canoe, bike and play hockey"—and eventually return to possible obscurity at the University of Wisconsin, where he is a second-semester junior. He probably will continue studies leading to medical school and, ultimately, to a career as an orthopedic surgeon—like his father. As for cashing in on what could be the greatest Olympic medal haul since Mark Spitz' seven golds at Munich, Eric sees no

continued



Displaying the awesome calf and thigh muscles that make them champions, Beth and Eric Heiden roll powerfully through a summer workout on four-wheelers

chance that he will become what his attorney-agent, Arthur Kaminsky, sourly labels "a perpetual Olympic personality," like Spitz or Bruce Jenner.

Says Eric: "I wouldn't want to get involved in all that self-promotion, you know, constantly selling myself to the media and the public all the time like Spitz and Jenner have. You burn yourself out in no time at all doing that. I figure that a guy does that only because he doesn't have any other future available. I wouldn't mind TV-commentating on speed skating events, and I suppose I might be willing to try to sell some product that I really use or really like. I don't know what it would be right offhand—I know the shaving companies wouldn't want to touch me with a 10-foot pole." He grins, rubbing a cheek as smooth and rosy as a ripe apple.

Tough and powerful though he is on the ice, Heiden is sweet-natured almost to a fault, with an easygoing, smiling and unaffected manner. He is also open and candid and forthright. When he is asked why he has worked so desperately hard in order to succeed at a sport that promises no certain payoff, Eric smiles that choirboy's smile of his and says cheerfully, "I have always skated because it's fun. American skaters have no other reason to skate except for the fun of it. I've seen how it is with the guys in Europe—the pressure from sponsors, from coaches, from the public, from the government. We're loose, easy, compared to them. We're out to have a good time, and I think that's why we win."

It would be nice if that were true—and it will be particularly nice if a young man who sees even the Olympic Games as being merely another "good time" can reap the gold that Eric Heiden should in Lake Placid.

—WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



SPEED SKATING

MEN

500 METERS

ERIC HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
DAN IMMERFALL *U.S.A.*
YEVGENY KULIKOV *U.S.S.R.*

1,000 METERS

ERIC HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
PETER MUELLER *U.S.A.*
SERGEI CHLEBNIKOV *U.S.S.R.*

1,500 METERS

ERIC HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
JAN EGIL STORHOLT *Norway*
KAY ARNE STENSHJEMMET *Norway*

5,000 METERS

ERIC HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
MIKE WOODS *U.S.A.*
VIKTOR LJOSKIN *U.S.S.R.*

10,000 METERS

ERIC HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
VIKTOR LJOSKIN *U.S.S.R.*
MASAHIKO YAMAMOTO *Japan*

WOMEN

500 METERS

LEAH POULOS MUELLER *U.S.A.*
CHRISTA ROTHENBURGER *East Germany*
SYLVIA ALBRECHT *East Germany*

1,000 METERS

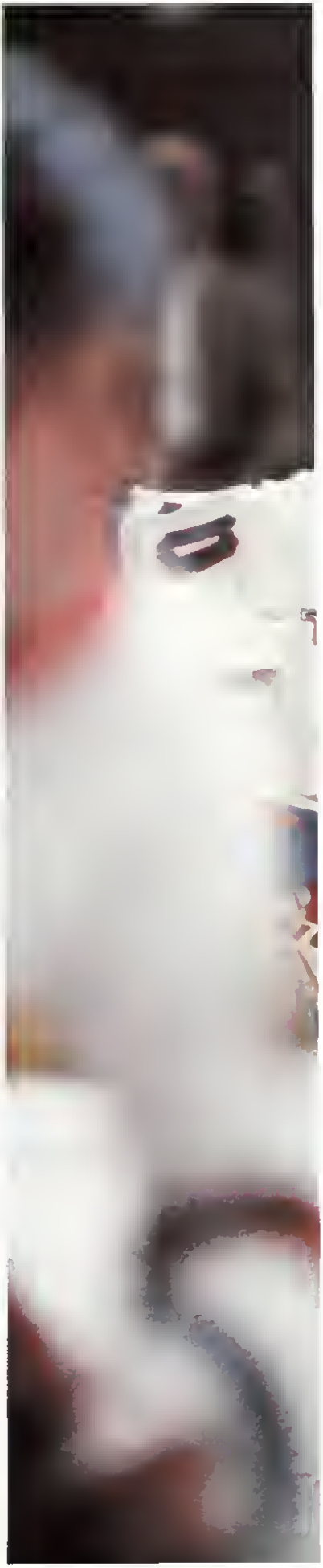
LEAH POULOS MUELLER *U.S.A.*
TATYANA BARANASH *U.S.S.R.*
CHRISTA ROTHENBURGER *East Germany*

1,500 METERS

NATALIA PETRUSEVA *U.S.S.R.*
BETH HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
SYLVIA BURKA *Canada*

3,000 METERS

BETH HEIDEN *U.S.A.*
BJÖRG EVA JENSEN *Norway*
RIA VISSER *The Netherlands*



After sweeping last December's Lake Placid Invitational with consecutive wins over Sweden, Canada, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, U.S. captain Mike Eruzione bubbled, "Tell the Russians they can't send their second team to the Olympics. They've gotta send us their best." Eruzione needn't worry. The Soviet team will include *almost all* the stars who destroyed the NHL's finest in the Challenge Cup last winter—from Goalie Vladislav Tretiak to Helmut Balderis, Sergei Makarov and Vladimir Lutchenko. That lineup virtually assures the U.S.S.R. a fifth straight gold. Still, never underestimate the underdog. Our youngest team ever has been molded after the peerless Soviets—skating to open ice, crisscrossing, always moving—and to date it holds a 4–1 record over other Soviet teams. It's not easy to play your tactical twin, so if anyone can topple the U.S.S.R., it could well be the U.S. First, however, the Americans must get by the Czechs, who have finished no worse than third in the last 10 Olympic and world championships, plus Sweden and Canada, the latter fielding its first Olympic team since 1968. ■

Top scorer Mark Johnson (front) and teammate Dave Silk hope to outmaneuver the Soviets



HOCKEY

U.S.S.R.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
U.S.A.

CONTINUED

A big winner on the Lake Placid slopes may well be little Liechtenstein, which has produced not just one Wenzel, but two. Andy and Hanni, a brother and sister act, are so hot that they could take four medals in the slaloms—and pose a threat in the downhills, too. The always-strong Swiss again have redoubtable downhillers in Peter Müller and Marie-Theres Nadig. Canada's Ken Read and Steve Podborski are strong challengers, but crash-prone. The daring Annemarie Moser-Pröll is Austria's whole downhill and slalom show—and she's particularly tough when it counts. In the slaloms, bet the farm on the incomparable world champion, Ingemar Stenmark of Sweden, to blow them all off for two gold medals. And what of the U.S.? In the women's downhill, Cindy Nelson has more experience, but watch for a surprise attack from teammate Heidi Preuss, who might peak at just the perfect moment. ■



Quick as a cat (that isn't a spill at right, it's all just a bit of edging), Stenmark is good as gold



ALPINE SKIING

MEN

DOWNHILL

PETER MÜLLER *Switzerland*
KEN READ *Canada*
JOSEF WALCHER *Austria*

GIANT SLALOM

INGEMAR STENMARK *Sweden*
ANDREAS WENZEL *Liechtenstein*
JACQUES LÜTHY *Switzerland*

SLALOM

INGEMAR STENMARK *Sweden*
BOJAN KRIZAJ *Yugoslavia*
ANDREAS WENZEL *Liechtenstein*



WOMEN

DOWNHILL

ANNEMARIE MOSER-PRÖLL *Austria*
MARIE-THERES NADIG *Switzerland*
HEIDI PREUSS *U.S.A.*

GIANT SLALOM

HANNI WENZEL *Liechtenstein*
MARIE-THERES NADIG *Switzerland*
IRENE EPPLE *West Germany*

SLALOM

PERRINE PELEN *France*
ANNEMARIE MOSER-PRÖLL *Austria*
HANNI WENZEL *Liechtenstein*

CONTINUED



If Lake Placid doesn't get a major snowfall soon, the cross-country courses will be abbreviated to 25 kilometers of gentle terrain under man-made snow. Distances will stay the same—the racers will go round and round—but the steeper ups and downs will be limited. Nevertheless, the best racers should still win. Finland's Juha Mieto and Norway's Oddvar Bra are in top form, as ever, facing only one mystery: because the Soviets never compete internationally before an Olympics, nobody knows what they're up to—although normally their women's team is unbeatable. America's Bill Koch seeks an upset in the 15-K, in which he beat Mieto once this season. In the jumps, Austria, East Germany and Finland hold hot hands, but Jim Denney of the U.S. could be our ace in the sky. ■

Going for gold at 15 kilometers, Juha Mieto of Finland races boldly—and always bare-handed



NORDIC SKIING

SKI JUMPING

70-METER

JOCHEN DANNEBERG *East Germany*
HANSJÖRG SUMI *Switzerland*
JIM DENNEY *U.S.A.*

90-METER

HUBERT NEUPER *Austria*
PENTTI KOKKONEN *Finland*
HARALD DUSCHEK *East Germany*

NORDIC COMBINED

UWE DOTZAUER *East Germany*
ULRICH WEHLING *East Germany*
URBAN HETTICH *West Germany*

BIATHLON

10 KILOMETERS

FRANK ULLRICH *East Germany*
TERJE KROGSTAD *Norway*
YVON MOUGEL *France*

20 KILOMETERS

KLAUS SIERERT *East Germany*
OOO LIRHUS *Norway*
ALEXANDR TIKHONOV *U.S.S.R.*

4-x-7.S-KILOMETER RELAY

EAST GERMANY
U.S.S.R.
NORWAY

CROSS-COUNTRY

MEN

15 KILOMETERS

JUHA MIETO *Finland*
ODOVAR BRA *Norway*
NIKOLAI BAZHUKOV *U.S.S R*

30 KILOMETERS

ODOVAR BRA *Norway*
THOMAS WASSBERG *Sweden*
SERGEI SAVELYEV *U.S.S.R.*

SO KILOMETERS

YEVGENY BELYAYEV *U.S.S.R.*
SVEN-AKE LUNOBÄCK *Sweden*
OOOVAR BRA *Norway*

4-x-10-KILOMETER RELAY

NORWAY
U.S.S.R.
SWEOEN

WOMEN

5 KILOMETERS

RAISA SMETANIA *U.S.S.R.*
GALINA KULAKOVA *U.S.S.R.*
HILKKA RIIHIVUORI *Finland*

10 KILOMETERS

GALINA KULAKOVA *U.S S.R.*
ZINAIOA AMOSOVA *U.S.S.R.*
KVETA JERIOVA *Czechoslovakia*

4-x-S-KILOMETER RELAY

U.S.S.R.
EAST GERMANY
NORWAY



BOBSLED

Time was when bobsledding was dominated by East and West Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Austria. This year, as the recent European championships showed, the sport shakes down to two: Switzerland and East Germany. Look for record times on the remodeled old Lake Placid run, now, at 1,557 meters, the world's longest refrigerated course and definitely the most dangerous. A U.S. two-man team currently holds the speed record (1:03.18), but it will melt away under the red-hot Swiss sleds. ■

10 KILOMETERS

GALINA KULAKOVA *U.S.S.R.*
ZINAIOA AMOSOVA *U.S.S.R.*
KVETA JERIOVA *Czechoslovakia*

4-x-S-KILOMETER RELAY

U.S.S.R.
EAST GERMANY
NORWAY



LUGE

At the last Olympics, East Germany collected no fewer than five luge medals, winning golds in all three events, but this time two Italians, Paul Hildgartner and Karl Brunner, are the men to beat in the singles. They burned up the run at Lake Placid last December and then took first and second at the European championships. East Germany's top ace, Dettlef Günther, is injured, and his teammate Hans Rinn has a habit of crashing, especially in important competition. Still, there are plenty of fine lugers where they come from, especially the lusty trio of Hahn-Hahn-Hahn, Norbert (no relation) and the brothers Bernd and Ulrich, who should be one-two in the doubles, Norbert teaming with Rinn. In the women's division, Melitta Sollmann is poised to take top honors this time down. ■

MEN'S SINGLES

PAUL HILDGARTNER *Italy*
KARL BRUNNER *Italy*
BERNHARO GLASS *East Germany*

MEN'S DOUBLES

RINN-HAHN *East Germany*
HAHN-HAHN *East Germany*
KRIKIS-BREMZE *U.S.S.R.*

WOMEN'S SINGLES

MELITTA SOLLMANN *East Germany*
MARGIT SCHUMANN *East Germany*
ANGELIKA SCHAFFERER *Austria*

CONTINUED

ATTACK OF THE KILLER QUEEN

Here comes Annemarie, going after Olympic gold. She's down in World Cup standings, but up for this one

by ANITA VERSCHOTH



Moser-Pröll's appraising stare unnerves those who know that she hates—but hates—to lose.



Typically pouring it on in the downhill, Annemarie applies her courage, and heft, to advantage.

Annemarie Moser-Pröll is fearless. She's also intimidating, headstrong and aggressive. She's temperamental, independent and insufferably arrogant, too. Upon meeting Moser-Pröll, strangers find her hauteur chilling and her stare insolent. She makes them uncomfortable. Only her closest friends and family insist that she can also be warm. And Moser-Pröll herself allows that she has her sweet moments. "I'm not a brutal hen," she says. "My husband can attest to that."

Perhaps it's the competition. Moser-Pröll can stand a lot of pain, cold, danger and the rigors of a nomadic life, but she cannot stand losing, and the most celebrated competitor on the women's ski-racing circuit has been losing some big races this season. That has made her all the more fierce. At 26, Moser-Pröll is at her prime, with a body as steely as her personality. At 5′ 7″ and 148 pounds, she presents a more or less solid block from her shoulders down to the awesome bulges of her buttocks and thighs; there isn't more than a hint of a graceful curve anywhere. Her eyes are the color of icicles, a cold pale blue. There is a reddish sheen to her hair, and her face is pallid and freckled. But there is no sporting law that says champions have to be cuddly, and when everybody assembles at the top of a ski run, there is still no other woman who races quite like Moser-Pröll.

This season she is literally racing herself into shape, because she missed just about all of her early training because of injuries. It has produced a strange state of World Cup affairs—with Moser-Pröll in second instead of her usual first spot—and has stirred concern about just what might be going on. Switzerland's Marie-Theres Nadig has had a hot streak, winning six downhills to Moser-Pröll's one. Could it be that Annemarie is human? Possibly. She has lost by as little as 11-hundredths here, three-tenths there, but she considers such defeats to be trifling and her confidence remains unshaken. What is more important to her is that she be in awesome shape when she checks in next week in Lake Placid, where in the final season of her career she will go after the only trophy she hasn't won so far—an Olympic gold medal.

Moser-Pröll will be a three-event threat at Placid—and a beauty to behold in action. As a rule, she does well in slalom and giant slalom—but she really lays them out in the downhill. She has an instinct for the right moves and the strength to hold a line at 80 mph. Where other skiers look for the "perfect line" dictated by the terrain, Moser-Pröll just charges ahead on a straighter, more dangerous route. She holds her tuck longer than any woman, and she was the first woman to change weight from one ski to the other in that position, which is a lot riskier than it sounds. A couple of other women—Nadig and Cindy Nelson of the U.S.—have mastered this maneuver too, but neither can sustain a tuck as long as Moser-Pröll does. The tougher the course the better; Moser-Pröll skis closer to the gates in the turns than her rivals and gains precious split seconds on bumps, absorbing the shocks through her mighty legs. She also rarely makes a mistake.

"Annemarie is the greatest downhiller of all times," says Alois Bumberger, the Austrian women's coach. "She is built like a man, and she fights like one. But she also skis rationally, never taking foolish risks. She wants to win. Only victory counts."

Moser-Pröll sees nothing extraordinary in all of this. "I don't get so involved that I picture myself in advance going through the race," she says. "And during the race I don't think a thing. Sure, there will be problems—but there won't be time to think, anyway. It's just normal when I win."

And, at last, that's when a more human Moser-Pröll emerges. After a race she will dig into her pockets, produce a battered pack of Marlboros and casually light one up. "There is nothing as satisfying as a smoke after a race," she says. This shocks a good many people.

Her closest competitors are more shocked by her winning times. Before every downhill race last season, any number of them would have faster training runs than Moser-Pröll, and they would be pumped up with confidence that they would at last be able to beat the queen. Moser-Pröll would cool it until race day before uncorking the killer instinct. "When I'm second, I see red," she says.

"Annemarie's excellent. She has class," said Nelson, one of the best U.S. prospects in the women's downhill, speaking at the end of last season. "I hold the highest respect for her. I keep learning from her. She has done things in racing that a woman can do only when she has supreme confidence. She has consistently good results; they keep coming and coming because of her confidence. The rest of us are just chasing her—and she loves it. It makes her even stronger."

continued

In the 12 years since Moser-Pröll's first World Cup race as a slender tomboy of 14, she has won 61 such events and earned the overall World Cup trophy in six seasons. She has also collected eight Olympic or world championship medals, winning the downhill in both the 1974 and 1978 world championships. Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark, the reigning world champ in the slalom and GS, is runner-up with 46 victories and three World Cups. Franz Klammer, the most acclaimed of the men's downhillers, won eight downhills in 1975, a season record for a male. Two years before, Moser-Pröll had set the women's record by winning eight *straight*. Last season she won six downhills out of seven. (She fell in the other race, won by Nelson.) In Austria, her home country, they call her *eine Frau ohne Grenzen* (a woman without limits), a tribute that seemed especially fitting after she took her sixth World Cup overall trophy last March.

Maybe all this goes back to Moser-Pröll's first World Cup downhill, in Bad Gastein in 1968. She fell three times, but she finished—in last place. Few skiers would have continued after the first fall. "She has always been like that," says Hauserl Schwaighofer, Moser-Pröll's personal "racer-chaser," who has waxed her skis for 10 years. "She *never* gives up."

Then came a stunning performance a year later in the St. Gervais downhill. Pröll (she, of course, had not yet married Herbert Moser) started back among the nobodies, in 67th position, but with a tremendous 30-foot leap off the top of the final schuss she tied for second with France's ace, Annie Famose. The following year she made her country's A team, scoring her first World Cup victory in a GS at Maribor, Yugoslavia and winning the bronze medal in the downhill at the world championships in Val Gardena. In 1971, at 17, she became the youngest racer ever to take the overall World Cup.

Annemarie went to the 1972 Olympics in Sapporo as a confident favorite in the downhill and the GS, but she was beaten in both by Nadig. The reason for the upset, many observers feel, was the Karl Schranz Affair, which destroyed the unity and morale of the Austrian team. It was not so much that Schranz was disqualified for being a professional that upset his teammates; it was his demand—backed by coaches and team officials—that, as a gesture of solidarity, the others refuse to compete. Annemarie figured that Schranz had nobody to blame but himself. After all, what self-respecting amateur racer would disclose his earnings at a time when the term "broken-time payments" hadn't been invented? "What he is asking he would never do for me," Annemarie said. For days she didn't know whether or not she would be able to race. There was no training. When the Austrians finally decided that their team was to compete after all, the racers were emotionally shot. Annemarie won two silver medals, cried a lot and, when she got home, attached a metal plaque to the dashboard of her car, which read: NEVER FORGET SAPPORO.



Another downhill bomber, Swiss whiz Nadig is Annemarie's chief rival

Perhaps her long memory has contributed to her untoward behavior. Upon losing a race, Moser-Pröll has flown into a tantrum, throwing down her poles and running off the hill in tears. When teammate Monika Kaserer won a few races and began to share the limelight, they became bitter enemies. Moser-Pröll trained very hard when she felt like it, but she usually didn't feel like it when the weather was bad. In the January 1975 races in Grindelwald, Switzerland, Coach Sigi Bernegger threatened to send her home because she was forever disregarding his rules. The following day Moser-Pröll won the GS and, the day after that, the downhill. Then she stirred up a rebellion against Bernegger which got him fired at the end of the season. In March, after winning her fifth Cup, she up and retired, even though the Innsbruck Olympics and a possible Olympic gold were only a year away.

It wasn't the specter of another humiliation à la Sapporo, Moser-Pröll explained. It was just that she was tired of traveling, tired of fighting with the officials and Alois Rohrmoser, the owner of the Atomic Company, which supplied her skis. It was said that Rohrmoser gave her fast cars but was very stingy with the cash. She wanted a quiet life with her husband of 1½ years and had to look after her ailing father. It wasn't until after Josef Pröll died in 1976 that Annemarie began to train again. She returned to racing in December of that year and promptly proved that she had lost none of her spark, but much of her temper. She won as often as before, but now when she lost she *laughed*, cracking, "How come nobody congratulates me today?" She became downright popular.

It was no secret that her comeback was prompted in large part by an acute need for funds. As it turned out, it was not only a blessing for her and

continued

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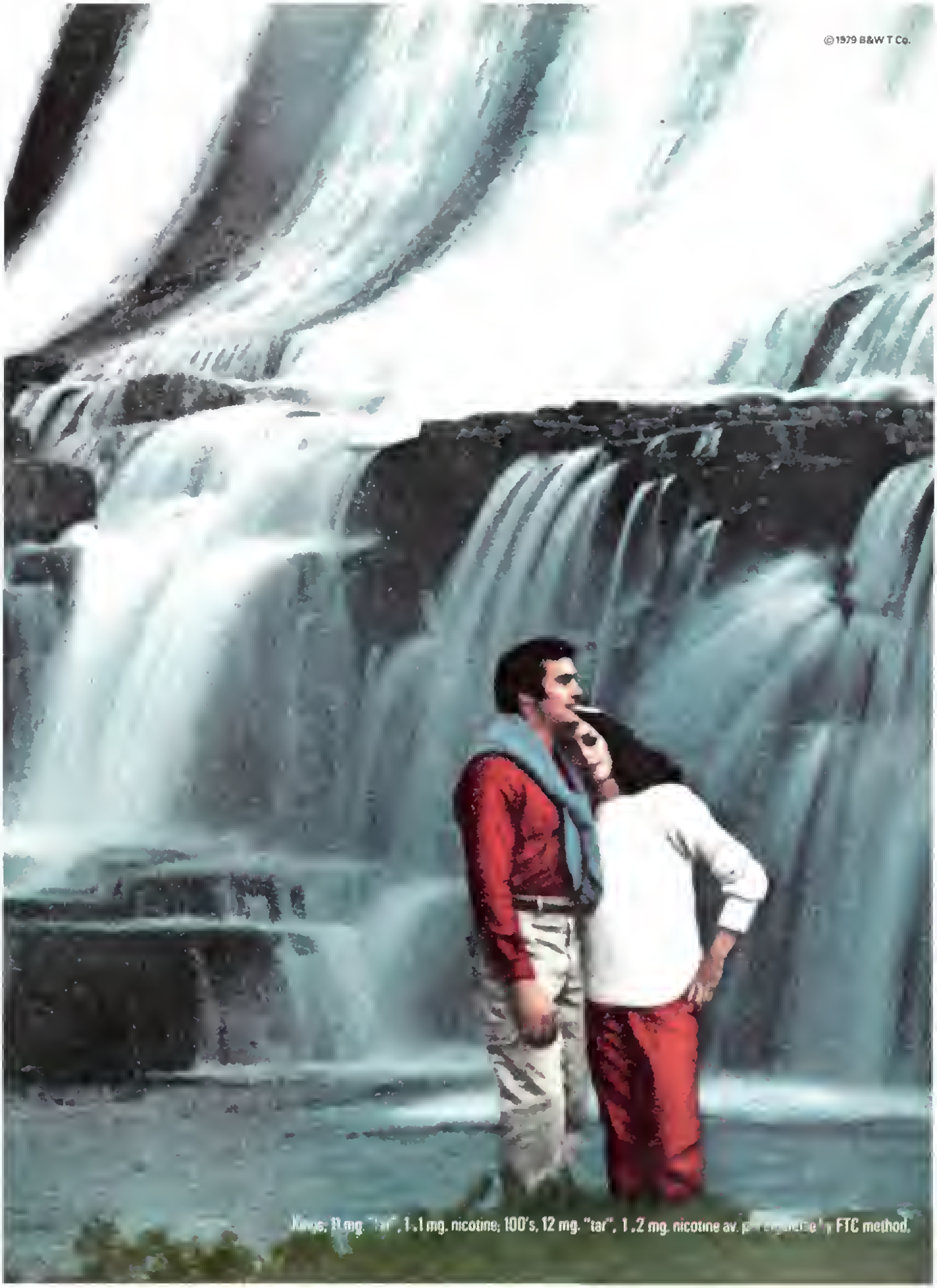


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her husband but for all of Kleinarl.

Moser-Pröll's hometown is a cluster of some 200 houses nestled under the craggy Ennskraxn, which guards the valley like an 8,500-foot watchtower. Until recently Kleinarl was poor, but now the place is jumping. It used to have only one T-bar lift, now a great network of lifts is in place, which has become accessible this winter to visitors via a new autobahn interchange. "La Pröll gets her very own freeway exit," wrote *Die Presse* when the project got under way. "Every year we are adding a hundred beds," says one innkeeper. "It was more *gemütlich* in the old days, but now we have business. Everybody wants to come to Kleinarl. Annemarie has now put Kleinarl on the map."

Annemirl, as the Kleinarlers call her, grew up on a farm 600 feet above the village. The sixth of eight children, she learned how to round up the cows and bring in hay and firewood. She also learned how to ski, when she was four, on skis made by her father.

Rohrmoser first saw Annemarie when she was 13, winning a downhill on a battered pair of wooden Fischer skis with cable bindings. Rohrmoser is no dummy: he presented her with a new pair of his Atomic metal skis and outfitted her in the latest racing garb. In the years since, Rohrmoser has managed to keep her on his skis, despite lucrative offers from other manufacturers, and Moser-Pröll has been the best advertisment for Atomic. She has helped make Rohrmoser a rich and powerful man. His factory turned out 32,000 pairs of skis in 1970; last year Atomic's production had exploded to some 700,000 pairs.

It wasn't long before the teen-aged Annemarie was living at the luxurious Rohrmoser villa, where Frau Rohrmoser treated her like royalty, even though Annemarie's prima-donna behavior was insufferable. "She was so demanding," says Rohrmoser, "and my own two daughters felt neglected. Besides, she drank and smoked too much." Annemarie also kept a determined eye on Rohrmoser's ace salesman, Herbert Moser. A strikingly handsome man, nicely muscled from playing soccer, with auburn hair and the rugged, somewhat brutal features of a Western movie villain, he was seven years her senior. But whatever Annemarie wants, Annemarie gets: they eloped in the fall of 1973 and bought a house in Kleinarl. There was gossip that she would not be able to hold him down—he was such a man-about-town—but she did a good job of taming him. After she had the Café Annemarie built in 1976, Moser-Pröll made sure that Herbert tended bar and minded the store while she went off racing. "Doesn't the woman always pickle the man?" she says.

The café is loaded with old-world charm and has a broad terrace overlooking the road. There is no mistaking the fact that a ski queen reigns here. The trophy case displays six of the huge crystal globes awarded a World Cup champion. The café's china is decorated with World Cups, and autographed World Cup T shirts are for sale at the bar. Next to the entrance, a vending machine dispenses postcards depicting the hostess—at five schillings (38¢) apiece. "You get nothing for free here," Moser-Pröll says.

At first, however, the café was mainly a big headache. To build it, Moser-Pröll got a bank loan of 8 million schillings (about $615,000), but the bills ran much higher than that, closer to 12 million schillings. There was only one way she could solve her financial dilemma: she had to return to racing.

According to *Profil*, an Austrian magazine, Rohrmoser welcomed Moser-Pröll back to his stable with a generous offer: 5 million schillings (about $385,000) for the first two seasons. Moser-Pröll denies this. Officially, all the money paid by the suppliers—Atomic skis, Dachstein boots, Salomon bindings, Komperdell poles, Carrera goggles, etc.—goes to the Austrian Ski Federation, which turns almost all of it back to the skiers as compensation for training and racing 12 months a year. The association will not disclose Moser-Pröll's earnings, but a conservative guess puts them at $200,000 a year, including prize money for winning or placing. Stenmark is said to make about $300,000. In the U.S., Nelson's and Phil Mahre's contracts amount to some $80,000 each.

And now with the path cleared to another Olympics, taking revenge for Sapporo is foremost in Moser-Pröll's mind. "Sapporo?" she snaps. A typical snap. "How can I be expected to remember something that happened eight years ago? I have just one goal left in my career—to win a gold medal in Lake Placid." After this season she will retire. Permanently, she says.

Moser-Pröll didn't start this season in her accustomed style. Last July she turned her right ankle while running and suffered a hairline fracture, her first injury ever. In September, when she was finally able to train on snow, she hooked a slalom gate and crashed, tearing ligaments in her other foot. When the season began in early December, she had had no downhill workouts and too few slalom and GS runs. "Of course, I don't have to train as much as the others," she says. Of course. She won the first slalom at Piancavallo, Italy, and placed second in the downhill there—behind Nadig. When she finished ninth in a GS at Limone Piemonte, Italy, she joked, "I'm saving my strength for the Olympics."

Since then she has won one downhill, at Pfronten, West Germany, and finished second twice. In another downhill at Pfronten she lent her extra-heavy gliding skis to her kid sister Conny, 19, so that Conny could place higher and make the Olympic team. Sis made it, but the generosity probably cost Annemarie a victory. After her latest downhill three weeks ago—another second—she said, "I'll still be better than Nadig in Lake Placid, and, besides, I know how to win there because I did it last year." Which means that one thing is certain: their fight should be a sight to behold.

Moser-Pröll will even have her own cheering section, 15 Kleinarlers, including Herbert—who's minding the store, Herb?—brother Kurt and the mayor's son, who have been saving for the trip for 18 months. And if Moser-Pröll returns home an Olympic champ, there will be another one of those lavish receptions Kleinarl staged each time she brought back a World Cup, and everybody will get drunk on champagne.

"Just one gold medal will do," says Moser-Pröll diplomatically, "and I won't have to win the World Cup again. On the other hand, if I don't get a gold medal, I could still win a seventh Cup."

Either way, they'll be whooping it up in Kleinarl. **END**





One of these mayors now runs a city with safer-driving employees, lower taxes and a brand new fire truck.

The mayor on the left saw that his city was headed for problems. A dangerously high accident rate among drivers of city-owned vehicles and a growing exposure to lawsuits made his community especially vulnerable to liability losses. At the same time, the city needed a new piece of fire-fighting equipment it couldn't afford.

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by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

MARCHING UPON LAKE PLACID WITH MARV'S ARMY



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This wired-up, wisecracking bunch is from the American Broadcasting Company. In one sense, it will be the most important contingent at the Olympics—with the exception of the 1,470 athletes themselves—because it is through ABC's eyes that the world will see the Games.

Lake Placid's capacity for handling live spectators is sharply limited. The village has but one main street, with one traffic light, and is remote from big population centers. The local Olympic Committee says some 50,000 spectators will come to the Games as day-trippers, arriving each morning and departing each night. New York's Department of Conservation has set a limit of 51,000 visitors a day.

The global viewing audience ABC expects to reach, by means of its own direct telecasts and feeds to foreign networks, numbers 900 million, give or take a few mil. Because ABC has covered seven of the last nine Olympics, missing only the Summer Games of 1964 and the Winter Games of '72, improving its technical and esthetic expertise at each, the Lake Placid assignment seems to be in good hands.

No one would agree more than the people of ABC. They make up a confident—not to say cocky—crowd, certain of their professionalism and proud of their self-awarded label "The Olympic Network." There is an understandable swagger in their manner, and no single individual better exemplifies the ABC panache than Marvin Bader, a tall and wry ex-Clevelander whose varied career has included stints as a bowling alley pinsetter and military policeman on the top-secret Manhattan Project before his start in TV as a cameraman. He now has the title of Director of Special Projects. Proclaims Bader, "We are the best. No one else is close in television sports." And if that's true, then Bader himself deserves as much credit—at least for Olympic coverage—as anyone at the network. "I'm probably the only guy in the world who does nothing but the Olympic Games for a living," he says. "I am specifically hired and paid to work on the Olympic Games—and if I had my choice I wouldn't do anything else."

True, the 108 cameramen are indispensable. As are the dozens of staffers who worked for months on Whiteface Mountain and other venues to design and construct the apparatus that will send telecasts of the Games worldwide, to say nothing of an unprecedented 51½ hours of U.S. programming, most of it in prime time. Still, none has made quite the all-out commitment to the Games that Bader has.

For the past three years, Bader has been a part-time resident of Lake Placid. He affects dark glasses, a cowboy hat, boots and jeans; thus he resembles a network executive about as closely as Gabby Hayes. This is no accident. What Bader has achieved is a casual persona that keeps him from looking to the North Country boys like a high-pressure high-roller from Manhattan. "I want them to feel at home with me," he says. "I want them to have confidence in me."

And they do. Bader drinks with construction workers and bulldozer operators in the local bars, the sleazier the better, and when he strides down Main Street, he might well be running for mayor. He eats in Ruth's Diner, shops at the Pot Luck Grocery, and has moved all over town to each of the 13 motels ABC will use to house its horde.

Easygoing he may seem, moneyman and efficiency expert is what he is. It was Bader who in 1975 made the cost estimates that enabled ABC to make its successful $15.5 million bid for the rights to televise the Lake Placid Games; it is Bader who oversees the network's $40 million Lake Placid budget; it is Bader who will immerse himself in the details of every logistical and dollar problem that arises during the two weeks plus that the ABC troops are in town. Bader oversees everything from the helicopters that will move the 500-pound TV cameras from location to location on Whiteface to the repair of TV cable laid through the Adirondack woods that might be chewed up by wild animals. Perhaps one of his most important charges is to be certain that everyone in his army is comfortable. "That's the key to a great Olympic production," says Bader. "Comfort! Every man—from Jim McKay and Roone Arledge to the lowliest gofer—has to be warm on his job, at home in his room, able to eat what he wants when he wants it, able to get a drink, to relax when he needs to."

But if off-hours comfort is one element, putting the show together is quite another. As part of its deal, ABC agreed to use its 100-odd cameras, 15 mobile units and Star Trek broadcast control center to furnish foreign networks and broadcasters with a constant live feed of every venue, event and contestant. Bader won't pinpoint how much extra

continued

THE OLYMPIC TV SCHEDULE

The night before the balloons go up in Lake Placid's opening ceremonies, ABC will air a 90-minute preview of the Olympics. That's Feb. 12, 9:30 p.m. When actual coverage starts—an unprecedented 51½ hours are scheduled—the network will make on-the-spot decisions as to which events will get what emphasis. Here's the complete lineup. All times are EDT.

AIR TIMES AND EVENTS

Wednesday, Feb. 13
2:00-4:00 p.m.
9:00-11:00 p.m.
Opening Ceremonies—*Live*
Men's Downhill Training
Men's, Women's Luge

Thursday, Feb. 14
8:30-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Men's Downhill
Hockey: U.S. vs. Czechoslovakia—*Live*
Women's 1,500-Meter Speed Skating
Men's 30-Kilometer Cross-Country
Men's, Women's Luge

Friday, Feb. 15
8:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30 p.m.-midnight. Summary
Men's, Women's 500-Meter Speed Skating
Figure Skating: Ice Dancing and Pairs Short Program—*Live*
Bobsled: Two-Man, First and Second Run
Women's 5-Kilometer Cross-Country
Men's, Women's Luge

Saturday, Feb. 16
1:00-3:30 p.m.
9:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Women's Downhill Training
Hockey: U.S. vs. Norway—*Live*
Men's 5,000-Meter Speed Skating
Bobsled: Two-Man, Third and Fourth Run
Biathlon: 20-Kilometer Individual
Men's, Women's Luge Finals

Sunday, Feb. 17
1:00-3:30 p.m.
7:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Figure Skating: Ice Dancing and Pairs Finals—*Live*
Ski Jumping: 70-Meter Hill
Women's Downhill
Women's 1,000-Meter Speed Skating
Men's 15-Kilometer Cross-Country

Monday, Feb. 18
9:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Men's Giant Slalom, First Run
Hockey: U.S. vs. Rumania—*Live*
Ski Jumping: 70-Meter Combined
Figure Skating: Men's Compulsories
Women's 10-Kilometer Cross-Country

Tuesday, Feb. 19
8:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Figure Skating: Men's Short Program, Ice Dancing
Men's Giant Slalom, Second Run
Men's 1,000-Meter Speed Skating
Men's 10-Kilometer Combined Cross-Country
Biathlon: Men's 15-Kilometer Combined
Men's Luge Finals, Doubles

Wednesday, Feb. 20
9:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Hockey: U.S. vs. West Germany—*Live*
Women's Giant Slalom, First Run
Figure Skating: Women's Compulsories
Women's 3,000-Meter Speed Skating
Men's 4 x 10 Cross-Country Relay

Thursday, Feb. 21
8:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Figure Skating: Women's Short Program, Men's Finals
Women's Giant Slalom, Second Run
Men's 1,500-Meter Speed Skating
Women's 4 x 5-Kilometer Cross-Country Relay

Friday, Feb. 22
9:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-midnight. Summary
Men's Slalom
Hockey: Final-Round Games
Biathlon: 4 x 7.5-Kilometer Relay

Saturday, Feb. 23
12:30-3:30 p.m.
8:00-11:00 p.m.
11:30-11:45 p.m. Summary
Figure Skating: Women's Finals—*Live*
Ski Jumping: 90-Meter Hill—*Live*
Women's Slalom
Men's 10,000-Meter Speed Skating
Men's 50-Kilometer Cross-Country
Bobsled: Four-Man, First and Second Runs

Sunday, Feb. 24
11:00 a.m.-1:30 p.m.
2:30-5:00 p.m.
7:00-10:30 p.m.
Figure Skating Exhibitions by Medalists
Hockey: Medal Games
Bobsled: Four-Man, Third and Fourth Runs
Closing Ceremonies

the international feed is going to cost. "All I'll say is that it's money we volunteered to spend," he says. "It was actually the Lake Placid Committee's obligation to furnish facilities for the world feed, but they didn't have the money, so Arledge offered to do it."

ABC will spot 25 cameras on the Alpine runs at Whiteface, providing top-to-bottom coverage. Some 50 miles of cable has been planted underground across the mountain to hook up the cameras to the control center. Another 12 cameras will be located along the miles of cross-country ski racing trails; 12 more will focus on the 70- and 90-meter jumps on the outskirts of the village, and another nine are in position to cover speed skating. Inside the new arena, 10 more cameras will cover hockey and figure skating.

For the past couple of weeks the cold at Lake Placid has been paralyzing, averaging 14 below zero by day. At these temperatures, television equipment tends to seize up. Some of the new-generation cameras have their own built-in electric heating units; older models have external heating units. In both cases, the heaters are kept on overnight, and when temperatures sink into the minus-40s on Whiteface, the cameras are also wrapped in electric blankets, and then swaddled snugly in huge, fitted rubberized covers. Because of their lumpy gray look, those are known as elephant skins.

The long, low building that makes up ABC's TV center will become the property of New York State when the Games are over. And, like a similar setup used by ABC at the Innsbruck Olympics, the place will be transformed into a road-maintenance garage. At present, the interior is a maze of corridors and rooms, a kind of honeycomb of television activity filled with everything from offices to tape-editing cubicles to snack bars. Once the Games are gone, the whole interior will be dismantled like a great Lego set and hauled away.

For Bader, so far, the Lake Placid Games have been the easiest in one sense ("There's no language barrier"), the toughest in another ("Whiteface Mountain is the coldest, meanest, steepest, least accessible location of any Olympic venue I've ever dealt with").

As the moment for the first telecast from Lake Placid draws closer, Bader becomes ever more euphoric. "I love those weeks of high tension during the telecasts," he exults. "I'm an excitement addict. We're so good, so professional that it's going to be tough to top ourselves. But we'll try—and I love the challenge. I'm high the whole time the Games are on." And after they're over? He shakes his head and says, "The worst part, the very biggest downer of them all, comes when we hit the station break at the end of the Games. The sign-off. The next day, maybe even the next hour, we start tearing it all down. God, I hate that last station break." **END**

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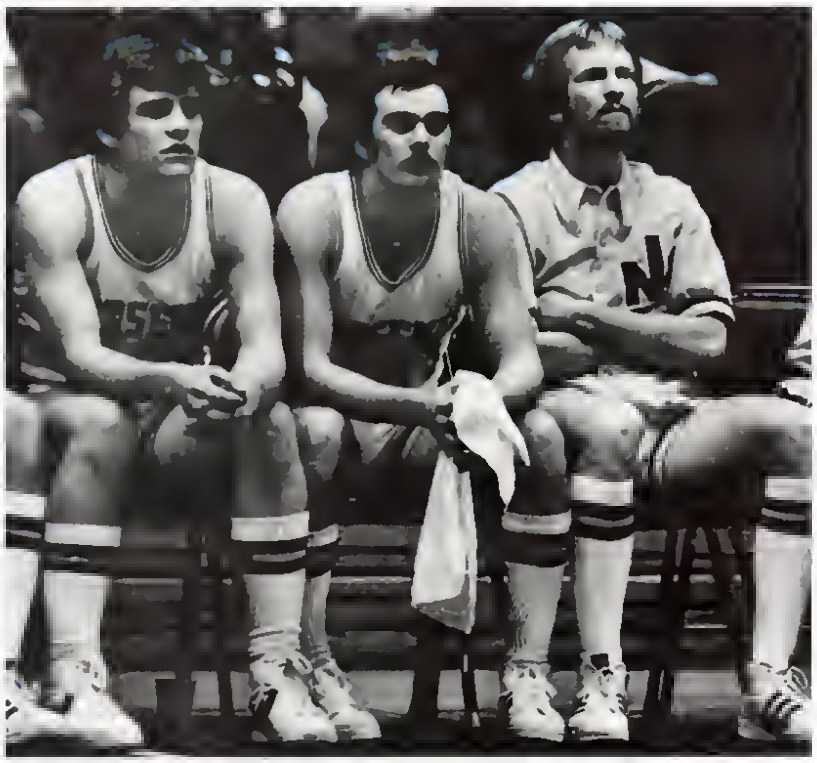
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Tom Schrage (right) may spend a lot of time warming the bench, but at 33 he feels pleased just to be one of Northern Kentucky's six freshman backcourtmen

Sending in the old guard

Tom Schrage is a nut. What married man with two kids would trade a secure job as a union local president to play college basketball? Schrage, that's who. He is the oldest player at Northern Kentucky, a commuter school located just across the river from Cincinnati. The other players call him Pops—not for his deadly jump shot, but because he's 33.

Schrage always wanted to play college ball but never had the time or the opportunity. Scrawny, almost frail as a boy, he started only half the games during his senior year at Covington (Ky.) Catholic High. On graduating he went to a technical school in Louisville to learn electronics. Then, in rapid order, came a stint in the Army, marriage, kids and bills. On weekends he played in industrial leagues. Once he scored 61 points. He went up against college guys, local heroes from the University of Cincinnati. He knew he could play. "You're really great," friends told Schrage after he was named Most Valuable Player in one of the leagues. That set him to wondering how good he might have been . . . if. There was no doubt Schrage excelled at almost everything he tried. In one 19-day span in the Army he jumped three ranks. At AT&T in Cincinnati he started as a technician, living in a mobile home. Less than 10 years later he headed up Local 4351 of the Communications Workers of America, made $24,000 a year and owned a $100,000 home and an apartment building.

But last April Schrage gave it all up because he wanted to find out if he could play college basketball. His wife, Ginger, was flabbergasted, but after a few arguments she came around. Schrage called a few local college coaches, but got no encouragement. Finally he planted himself in the office of University of Cincinnati Coach Ed Badger, who seemed interested. But then Badger recruited a point guard from Kentucky who was 15 years younger than Schrage. In desperation Schrage turned to his old Covington coach, Mote Hils, now the coach at Northern Kentucky, a Division II school of 8,000 students.

"You're kidding!" Hils exclaimed. Hils, whose salary is $21,000 a year, had never recruited a player who was making more money than he was. But Hils was also coming off his first losing season since 1975 and needed guards, so Schrage got a basketball scholarship.

With the $180 a month from Northern Kentucky, another $450 a month from the GI Bill, the income from his apartment house and Ginger's job as a secretary at Procter & Gamble, Schrage figured he could make it. He started training like Rocky. Last winter he would come home from work around midnight and run several miles through the snowy neighborhood streets. Often icicles would form on his beard. He lifted weights and jumped rope. During the summer Ginger rebounded his practice shots in the driveway. From 15 feet Schrage would shoot 50 times, and if he didn't make at least 40, he'd shoot another 50.

There is a basketball phrase "He plays bigger," referring to players who can compete evenly against taller opponents. Schrage, who is a 5′ 11″ guard, plays bigger, and not only in basketball. Leading a local of 650 members isn't a job for a shallow-witted, frivolous person. Schrage has ash-blond hair, a beard and a puppet's body that is all arms and legs, but his voice is deep and serious, his manner studious and thoughtful. He can lead

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men. In a bedroom drawer at home is a Bronze Star he won in Vietnam.

But don't get the idea that Schrage is a bare-chested type with a knife between his teeth. He met his wife in church, for instance, and now serves as a deacon and chairman of the finance committee at the Lakeside Christian Church in Lakeside Park, Ky. When he got out of the Army in 1970, it hurt him that many people regarded him as a pariah. They didn't understand that to him Vietnam was a job, something he had to do.

Going to college has turned out to be another tough job. A fire in his apartment house wiped out a large chunk of income and the $20,000 damage was only partially insured; he had to borrow from the bank. And the GI Bill expires in the spring. Plus, Schrage isn't playing a lot; he has seen action in only seven of 19 games and has scored just 0.4 points per appearance. But he had a 3.2 grade average in his first semester of studying business management. If he can keep the roof over his family's head, he plans to go on. "I don't want to get into an area where it's not fair for the rest of my family," he says. "That's what scares me. I had it made before, but I had to give up my retirement at AT&T, even my profit sharing. Before the basketball, my life was set financially. Now there's no guarantee that even with the college education I'll get a better job than I had. Where I worked, there were a lot of college graduates hiring on as clerks, and they were happy to get those jobs."

Schrage is one of six freshman guards at Northern Kentucky, and the only one who doesn't jump as high or run as fast as he did three years ago. "I am slower, but I think: 'Am I slow because I'm older or because I'm not jumping rope enough?' " he asks. He also ruminates about Walt Frazier, who retired at 34. "And he was nothing when he quit. I'll be 34 this May. If one of the greatest ever can fall apart despite playing every day, am I in the same boat? That's what makes it so rough."

When practice started last fall, those nights of winter running had Schrage far ahead of the younger players in conditioning. He led them in a 12-minute run. So far he is the only player who hasn't missed a day of practice, although when he comes home after workouts he barely can get out of his car. "But the next day I feel fine," he says. "It's almost like I'm immune to the pain. I feel that if I broke

continued



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a toe before a game, I still would be able to go out and play."

The hard part is sitting on the bench, especially for someone accustomed to moving up through the ranks. Schrage is an excellent shooter; somewhere in the last 15 years he picked up the knack of shooting his jumper ambidextrously. But on defense he appears to be wearing his old Army boots. "I'm feeling a little weird because I'm not playing as much as I could," he says. "I know I can be pretty explosive. I'm not satisfied, but that doesn't mean I want to quit. My defense has been bad, but it's improving. I'm going to lift weights and build myself up. Next year I'll be better."

If Schrage had stayed with AT&T, he could've moved up to an even better-paid job with management. Now all he has are two free pairs of basketball shoes each season, an education and a lot of satisfaction. But he's happy with the decision. The game is important to him. Whenever Schrage considered buying a new house, he made sure it had space to put up a goal and a net. When he joined his church, he checked if it had a basketball team. Pulling on his college uniform had a calming effect. Says Schrage, "It resolves forever the question: 'Could I have done it?' It would have followed me for the rest of my life."

THE WEEK

(Jan 28-Feb 3)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Call 'em the Ohio State Blackeyes. Fast-collapsing Ohio State acquired its first shiner of last week when Michigan State routed the Buckeyes 74–54. In that game the Spartans resembled their national championship team of last season rather than the back-in-the-pack squad they've been lately. Ohio State was so harassed by Michigan State's matchup zone that it missed 10 of its first 13 shots and never controlled the tempo of the game. Furthermore, Buckeye Guard Kelvin Ransey, who had scored in double figures in 80 consecutive outings, was held to six points. The Spartans were sparked by Jay Vincent, who tallied 21 points and had 14 rebounds.

Ohio State got its second black eye when it lost to Wisconsin for the second time this season, 70–67. It was a "six-point play" by Claude Gregory of the Badgers that cost the Buckeyes most dearly. With only 7:20 to go and Ohio State holding a seemingly safe 59–48 advantage, Wisconsin reeled off 12 straight points, Gregory accounting for the final half dozen. His spurt began when he sank four free throws, two after being fouled following a rebound and two more after Ohio State Coach Eldon Miller, who protested that one of his men had been fouled, was hit with a technical. On the Badgers' ensuing inbounds play, Gregory latched on to a missed shot and concluded his six-points-in-13-seconds effort by flicking the rebound through the hoop. A subsequent Gregory basket, a Larry Petty foul shot and two more free throws by Gregory locked up the victory.

Led by Arnette Hallman, Purdue moved a game ahead of Indiana, Minnesota and Ohio State in the Big Ten race. The Boilermakers avenged last season's costly loss to Iowa, which had left them in a three-way tie for the conference title and dropped them out of consideration for the NCAA tournament. Despite the absence of playmaker Ronnie Lester, who reinjured his right knee, the Hawkeyes trailed only 47–42 when Purdue's big man, Joe Barry Carroll, went to the bench with his fourth foul. But while Carroll sat for five minutes, Hallman scored seven points and got three rebounds to push the Boilermakers safely in front. Hallman wound up with 15 points, 13 rebounds and three blocked shots as Purdue won 70–56. Purdue then settled a score with Indiana, which had beaten the Boilermakers in last year's NIT. Although Carroll fouled out and scored just seven points, ending his string of 59 games with 10 or more, Hallman again took command, pumping in 16 points and grabbing nine rebounds as the Boilermakers won 56–51.

Although Minnesota had earlier earned a share of first place when Kevin McHale had 22 points and 12 rebounds during a 74–64 conquest of Northwestern, the Gophers fell back after Iowa handed them their first home loss of the season, 73–63.

DePaul and Notre Dame, the nation's two top independents, breezed. A 102–71 drubbing of North Texas State was the 37th at-home victory in a row for the Blue Demons, who were led by Mark Aguirre's 29 points, eight assists and five blocked shots. Thirty-one points by Rich DiBenedetto were not enough for Davidson, which lost to the Irish 105–71. Orlando Woolridge, who sank nine of 11 field-goal attempts, had 20 points for Notre Dame and was backed up by John Paxson's 19 and Tracy Jackson's 18.

The whistles never stopped blowing during Tennessee's 83–75 loss at Kentucky. Seventy-one personal fouls were called: 36 against the Wildcats, who lost one player for fighting and five on fouls, and 35 against the Vols, who also lost a putative pugilist and had one player foul out. In between whistles, Reggie Johnson collected 28 points and 14 rebounds for Tennessee, while Kentucky's Kyle Macy fired in 22 points and had 10 assists. Three days earlier, the Wildcats overcame a 12-point deficit at Auburn and won 64–62 when Dirk Minniefield hit a 20-foot shot with one second left.

Louisiana State began the week by cutting the Wildcats' Southeastern lead to half a game with a 65–60 win at Kentucky. DeWayne Scales had 21 points and 14 rebounds in that victory, the first of three for the Tigers. LSU blew a 16-point lead over Vanderbilt, but pulled out an 83–81 decision, thanks to a pair of late baskets by Howard Carter and a 30-point night by Durand Macklin. Carter, a freshman forward-guard, then scored 22 points to carry the Tigers to a 75–63 triumph at Mississippi State.

One of the week's most productive performers was Frank Edwards of Cleveland State. Edwards took over at point guard for an injured teammate and had 85 points, 19 assists and nine steals as the Vikings won three times.

1.DePAUL (19–0)
2.PURDUE (14–5) 3.LOUISIANA STATE (16–4)

EAST "I've been coaching 25 years and never had a team play better than that," Lefty Driesell said after Maryland had dispatched Duke with surprising ease, 101–82. Crisp passing, .630 shooting from the floor, 950 accuracy from the foul line and a 39–27 rebounding edge contributed to the romp that secured the Terps' place atop the ACC. Greg Manning, a 6′ 1″ guard who had a career-high 26 points, drew his loudest cheers when he lofted an underhand shot over the Blue Devils' 6′ 11″ Mike Gminski and into the hoop. To prepare for a game earlier in the week, Driesell had his players don jerseys that said BEAT VIRGINIA. It seemed to have done the job, because the Terps squeaked by the Cavaliers 63–61 as Ernest Graham hit a 19-footer with four seconds remaining.

Virginia's Ralph Sampson, hampered by the flu and a sprained ankle, still scored 12 points and got 14 rebounds in 24 minutes against Maryland. Sampson played only 15 minutes against Wake Forest, which also beat Virginia by two, 79–77, when Alvis Rogers canned a corner shot at the buzzer. But the Deacons were no match for Duke, blowing a 31–16 lead and losing 82–61. Wake's big advantage evaporated when the Blue Devils went into a full-court trap press and outscored the Deacons 22–4 during the next 7:30. Thirty-eight of Duke's 44 second-half points were pumped in by Gminski, who finished with 32, and Gene Banks, who ended up with 28.

All five St. John's starters scored in double figures as the Redmen won 87–63 at Niagara. Balanced scoring again helped St. John's at Rhode Island, where the Redmen made 14 steals and Bernard Rencher spoiled the Rams' last-shot hopes by batting the ball away to preserve a 64–63 victory. At home on Sunday, St. John's had its 17-game win-

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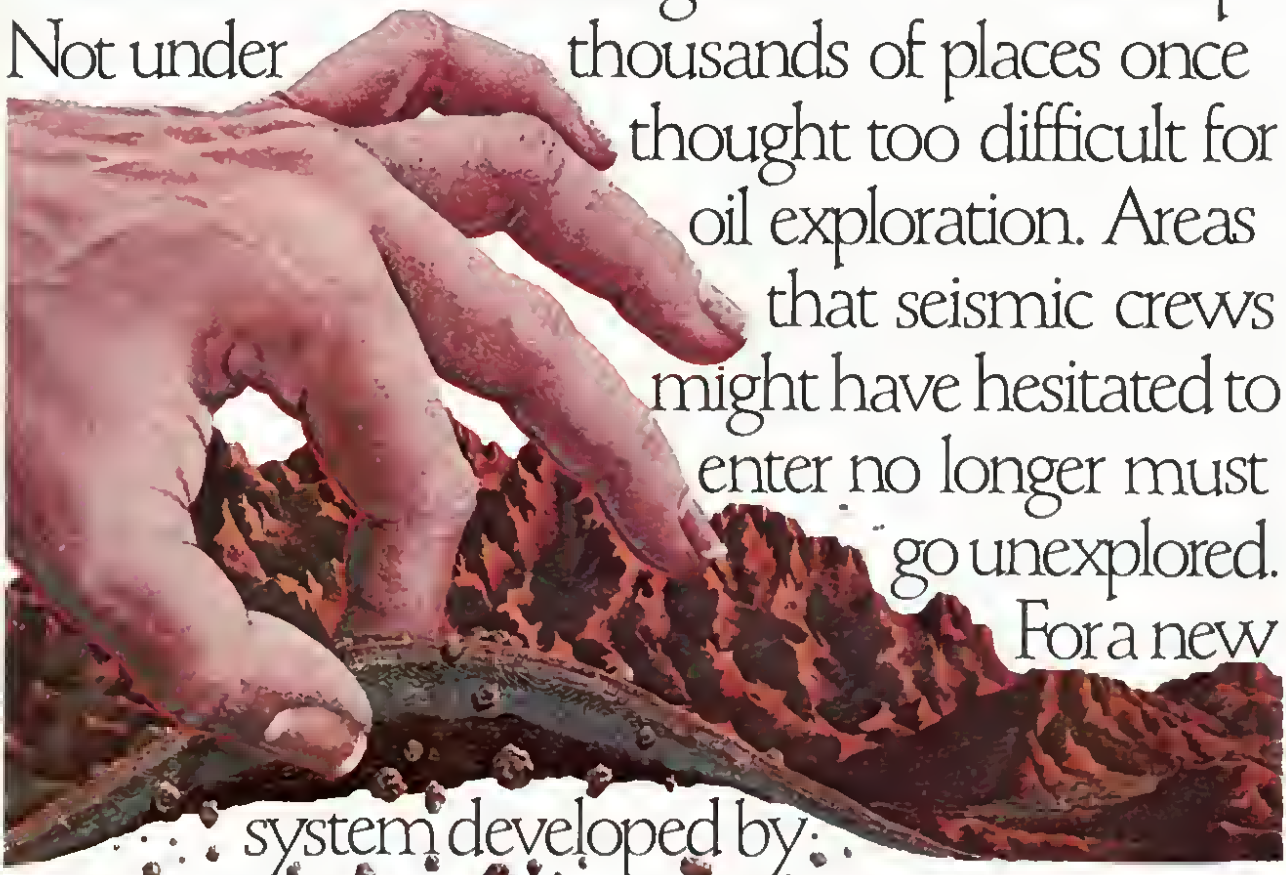
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PHILLIPS 66

ning streak ended 76–71 by Louisville. Darrell Griffith had 23 points for the Cardinals, who led by 17 midway through the second half and then withstood a furious comeback by the Redmen.

By knocking off Columbia 62–57, Penn remained the only undefeated team in Ivy League competition. Eighteen-for-21 foul shooting kept the Quakers on top.

Eighteen points by freshman Dan Wright enabled Massachusetts to defeat Harvard 67–44 in the consolation round of the Colonial Classic and to end a 29-game losing streak. First place went to Boston College, which beat Holy Cross 93–83.

"Our theme was 'The strength of the wolf is in the pack,' " La Salle Coach Lefty Ervin explained after the Explorers shocked Notre Dame 62–60. Wolfpack-type unity on defense was as vital to La Salle's triumph as the 29-point and 11-rebound output of Michael Brooks. The decisive points were scored by Greg Webster, a junior walk-on with a golf scholarship. Webster belied his poor foul-shooting percentage (.444) by twice converting both ends of one-and-one opportunities in the last 50 seconds. It all added up to what Ervin called his "biggest win since sixth grade."

Syracuse won twice, beating Temple 93–77 and Providence 89–69 (*page 16*).

1.SYRACUSE (19–1)
2.ST. JOHN'S (19–2) 3.MARYLAND (16–3)

MIDWEST "I'm just beginning to grasp the game," said Texas A&M's Rudy Woods. "I'll play great, then sloppy, then great, then sloppy. It's all mental, but once I get set you'll see the real me." The *real* Woods, a 6′ 11″, 215-pound sequoia, helped rout Houston 92–79 by hitting 13 of 17 floor shots, scoring 31 points, grabbing 13 rebounds and blocking four shots. Aggie David Britton added 28 points. True to his form, Woods slipped to a 14-point game against Baylor, but the Aggies nevertheless beat the Bears 59–50.

Arkansas remained one game behind A&M in the Southwestern Conference by twice using beat-the-clock shots to come out on top. Mike Young's 16-foot basket with two seconds left in overtime finished off Texas Tech 71–69. It was hard to outdo a dramatic field goal like that, but that's exactly what U. S. Reed of the Razorbacks did. Texas, which had led 34–26, lost 60–59 when Reed wedged his way between two Longhorns for an 18-foot basket at the buzzer.

"I don't know if they were thinking about their girl friends or their national ranking or what," Louisville Coach Denny Crum said. Whatever their trouble, the Cardinals got their minds on the game long enough to rally from a 37–30 halftime disadvantage and go on to defeat Tulane 64–60.

Creighton had high hopes of toppling unbeaten DePaul after scoring the final eight points of the first half to trail only 32–30. But after being scolded by Coach Ray Meyer during the intermission, the Blue Demons ruined the Bluejays' dreams. Skip Dillard scored 15 of his 19 points in the second half. Clyde Bradshaw had 13 of his 15 during that same stretch, Mark Aguirre finished with 20 points, and DePaul triumphed 84–73. Creighton then moved to within a game of Missouri Valley leader Bradley by winning twice, while the Braves won two of three games.

Before playing at Missouri, Kansas State's Rolando Blackman said, "Ever since late last season I've felt I'm the best player in the Big Eight." Big words. And Blackman promptly backed them up with big deeds. The Wildcats' improved zone defense and 24–16 rebounding margin both took their toll on the Tigers. But K-State needed Blackman, a 21-point scorer, to apply the finishing touches. When Missouri made a late stretch run, it was Blackman who scored all 11 of his team's points, six on back-door layups, to beat the Tigers 66–64. Blackman was successful on nine of 11 field-goal tries at Oklahoma, but missed all three of his free throws, including a critical one in the waning moments. The Sooners capitalized on that failure when they rebounded Blackman's shot, and fed Terry Stotts, who canned a 25-footer with 28 seconds remaining to trim the Wildcat lead to 55–54. Then, after Oklahoma's full-court press forced a turnover, Aaron Curry tossed in the last of his 16 points with a basket three seconds from the end to make the Sooners 56–55 winners. That left Oklahoma tied with Missouri and Nebraska, one game back of Kansas State in the Big Eight. The Huskers stayed in contention by knocking off the Sooners 59–58.

"It's difficult to run in this conference because nobody wants to run with you," Missouri Coach Norm Stewart lamented. "If you're going to play 28 minutes of defense and 12 minutes of offense, you'd better shoot well when you get the ball." The Tigers shot well against Nebraska—.625—and got 20 points from Curtis Berry and another 17 points and eight rebounds from Steve Stipanovich to defeat the Huskers 73–60.

1.LOUISVILLE (17–2)
2.TEXAS A&M (17–5) 3.KANSAS STATE (16–4)

WEST "Whew! Now I can get back to my nice comfortable waterbed in Corvallis," said Oregon State Guard Ray Blume after he had scored 19 points and his team had survived two near-miss shots by Southern Cal to salvage a 73–72 victory that ended a four-game, eight-day road odyssey. Not surprisingly, all the Beavers were eager to return home, after two wins by a total of three points sandwiched around a 93–67 loss at UCLA. Playing stall-ball all the way, Stanford lost by only two points—18–16—to Oregon State in a game during which no points were scored in the last 10:01. Then it was on to UCLA, where the Bruins avenged an earlier loss to the Beavers. UCLA's Mike Sanders scored 19 points and freshmen Cliff Pruitt and Rod Foster combined for 31 more.

Arizona State tied Oregon State for first place in the Pac-10, setting up a showdown this week in Corvallis. The Sun Devils' starting front line, which averages 6′ 10″, helped Arizona State get 17 more rebounds than California and 11 more than Stanford. The Golden Bears sought to protect a 14–8 lead by using a four-corner offense with 13:49 left in the first half. However, Sun Devil Kurt Nimphius blocked Cal's first shot from the spread,

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CLAUDE GREGORY: Wisconsin's 6′ 8″ junior forward had 26 points and 12 rebounds during a 73–69 overtime loss to Michigan, and then his 23 points and nine rebounds helped upset Ohio State 70–67.

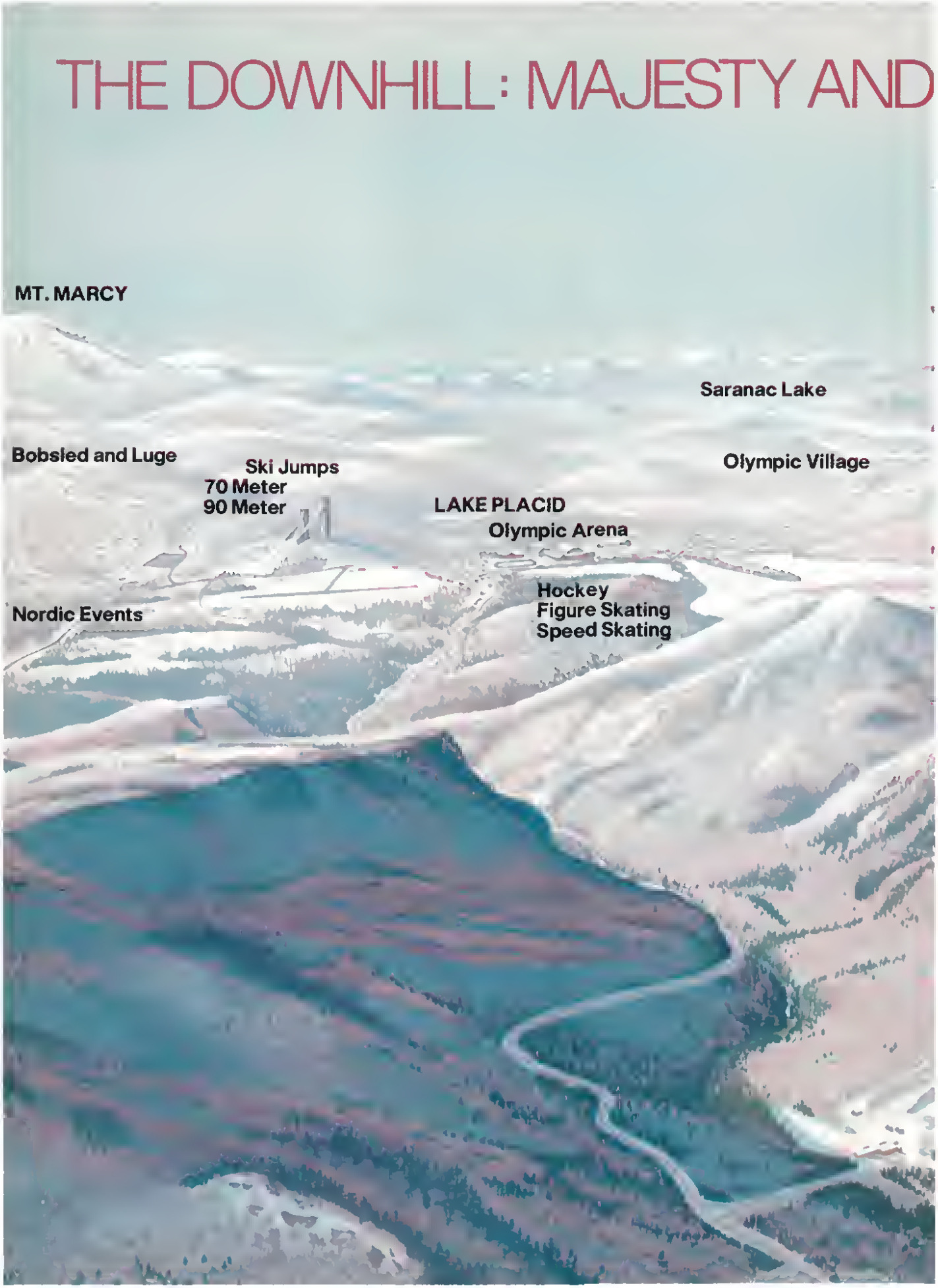
and his team began a run that led to a 69–58 triumph. Although the entire front line fouled out against Stanford, Arizona State won 93–80. Nimphius got 18 points and 11 rebounds before he left. The Sun Devils also benefited from 22 points and 10 assists from Fat Lever.

Most WAC teams have used slowdown tactics against speedy Brigham Young. It therefore came as a surprise when Texas-El Paso Coach Don Haskins, a noted advocate of deliberate play, told his Miners to run with the Cougars. UTEP ran well, but Danny Ainge got 25 points and Alan Taylor 20 for an 89–80 BYU win. New Mexico, too, put up a battle—until its top three scorers fouled out, allowing the Cougars, with Fred Roberts scoring 25 points, to pull away to an 89–68 victory. Kenny Page of the Lobos, who had 36 points at BYU, had another big game in vain, scoring 32 as New Mexico lost 77–68 to Utah.

Idaho and Boise State, which both took Weber State into overtime before losing early January Big Sky contests, again gave the Wildcats fits. Anticipating another delay game by Idaho, Weber Coach Neil McCarthy said, "It's important that we start off well." His Wildcats didn't heed that advice, missing their first seven shots. After a first half in which the two teams combined for only 24 points, the Vandals, up by six, came out of their freeze with six minutes left and won 51–45 to put an end to the Wildcats' 18-game winning streak. Boise State Guard Dave Williams scored 29 points, but after the Broncos missed the last shot in regulation time, Weber State took command and came out on top 79–73 in overtime.

1.OREGON STATE (20–2)
2.ARIZONA STATE (16–4) 3.BYU (17–4)

THE DOWNHILL: MAJESTY AND



MADNESS

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

From their start atop Whiteface Mountain, the Olympic downhill courses can be sunny and stunning or stormy and surly. Whichever, the runs at Lake Placid will demand the most in skill and courage



CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON MOSS

This is the centerpiece of the Winter Olympics, the most electrifying, dangerous and in many ways the most beautiful event of them all. More than any other Olympic sport, the downhill pits racer against nature in a calculated gamble with sudden disaster. It matches a mere mortal—frail and breakable and brave as hell—against God's most overwhelming terrain, a steep and rugged mountain in winter.

There goes the racer, tiny as a flea against the mountain, rocketing down the course at more than 60 mph, sometimes close to 90. Down the skier hurtles, across two miles or more of shattering bumps and curves. The course snakes through skull-breaking rocks and trees, down drops as precipitous as the side of Boulder Dam—and the racer's only meaningful armor is the crash helmet that makes him look faceless and oddly sinister. The rest of his body is vulnerable. Surely, at these velocities a sense of fear rides along.

No way. Indeed, something quite mystical and soothing seems to take over during a downhill run. Jean Vuarnet of France, who won the gold medal in the downhill at Squaw Valley in 1960, wrote of the way it was when he burst out of the starting gate: "I am now in another world—alone with trees and mountains. I've left fear behind me to find solitude. Crowds flit by, yet I am not concerned with them. I must think fast. . . . Watch it. . . . Now there's a slight shade, now total darkness. I can't see a thing. . . . Hang on. Stay low. . . . Now a schuss toward the left and a last bump at 65 mph. The course has disappeared under my ski tips. . . . The crowd cries out at the finish. I see trees, flags. I am back in the world again."

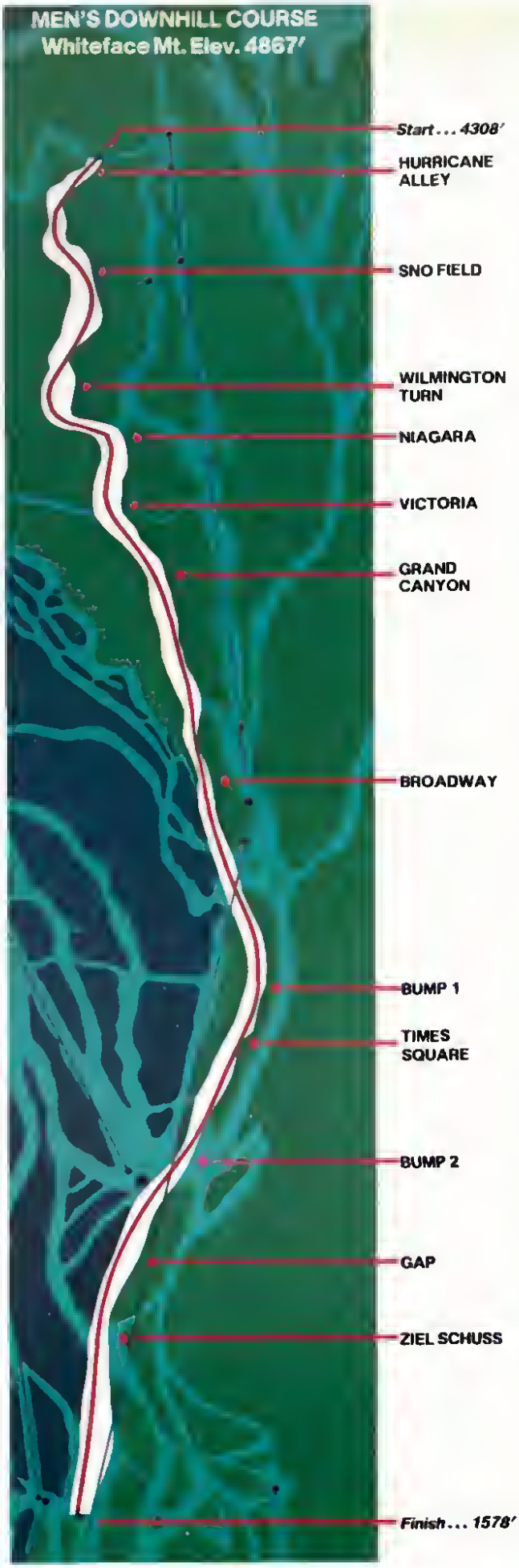
Otherworldly? Ah, yes. The perceptions are quite unexpected. One would imagine that the shriek of speed would dominate everything, immerse the racer in pandemonium, keep him on the razor's edge of barely restrained panic. But, no. Andy Mill, 27, a world-class U.S. racer for seven years, speaks of the downhill as a kind of lovely karma: "I watch from inside my helmet and the outside world is nothing but a blur. And it is *quiet*. It's not that I can't hear anything at all from inside my helmet. There's a sense of sound, but mainly just an *idea* of sound and it's coming from inside my head. I guess it's the sound of my mind rushing. And I have a kind of tunnel vision from inside my helmet. At the end of the tunnel I see a red gate where I'll make my next turn. Peripheral vision is almost completely gone—just blurs along the edges, and I assume they are probably people or trees. When I leave the start, I leave my mind behind. Conscious thought is too slow; I have to rely on subconscious realizations. Everything is coming so fast, such a torrent of impressions. I'm bouncing and the skis are moving so *fast*, and I'm aware that somehow my head knows what my feet are feeling on the ice or snow. My whole being is exploding down the mountain, but my main feeling as I look out of my helmet is, believe it or not, contentment."



Flying to glory on the Patscherkofel. Franz Klammer's '76 Olympic run was the best downhill ever

And is the race different for women? No. Minnesota's Cindy Nelson, 23, winner of the bronze medal in 1976 at Innsbruck, speaks with affection of the experience: "It's exhilarating to work with the forces of speed on a mountainside, to control them, to use them. I like the thought patterns that arise. I also like the surprises. We train on a course, so we have a thorough anticipation of every nuance, but there are still surprises in every race. Some are very good. If I make a turn that is surprisingly good, I'll scream—it makes me that happy."

Racers who find peace and happiness at 70 mph are a breed unto themselves, although of the genus that includes bullfighters and cliffdivers. And like them a



downhill racer may be plagued by an old or new injury—Mill, for example, has had no fewer than six knee operations, two broken legs and a fractured arm. Nelson has had two broken ankles, a dislocated hip and a broken shoulder. And the pressures of a big race—the Olympic downhill is, of course, the biggest of all—keep mounting, threatening to thaw the icy control a racer must hold.

Then there are the technological factors. Boots must be precisely tightened, bindings exactly tuned, skis waxed correctly, edges perfectly sharpened, racing suits fitted to the skin so there isn't so much as a flickering ripple to catch the air. All that equipment must be employed to maximum effect if there is to be any chance for victory. The downhill is an event in which each second is split into 100 parts. The mistaken press of a ski edge that creates unwanted friction against the snow for a distance of no more than 10 yards over a course 3,500 yards long can drop a racer from first to 10th place. And then come the most critical factors of all: the weather and the mountain. Nothing matters quite so much as the way the course has been carved into the contours of the slope. Each mountain—and each downhill—has its own personality, its own quirks and beauties, its own peculiar way of testing a racer. Each *descente* is unto itself, but there are some grand qualities that are imperative for a course to be a classic. Jim (Moose) Barrows, the U.S. downhill coach, says, "There are four major elements in a good course: 1) high-speed turns; 2) a section where a racer proves he can take high speed in a prolonged tuck position; 3) a demand for endurance; and 4) a moment of truth, a difficult situation that requires extremely precise technical ability and that also demands that the racer show mental discipline and courage."

The most honored mountain face of them all is the *Streif* at Kitzbühel in Austria, the site of the celebrated Hahnenkamm race that has been held for 40 years. The day of the Hahnenkamm is practically an Austrian national holiday, drawing more than 25,000 bellowing spectators. The vertical drop is 2,830 feet over 3,510 meters, almost two and a quarter miles, and there is no greater test of the downhiller's derring-do. Racers speak of competing in the Hahnenkamm as if it were a religious pilgrimage. The coach of the Austrian team, Karl Kahr, carries the sobriquet Downhill Charlie, because he has both raced in the event and coached others in it for years. When Downhill Charlie speaks of the course at Kitzbühel it is with both awe and affection. "It can be compared to no other," he says. "There is the *Mausefalle* [Mouse Trap] at the start. It requires incredible willpower to jump off into that void. The turns are not round, and the course is not rhythmical. It is fast. It is spectacular. To win at Kitzbühel is the dream of every downhiller."

Next to Kitzbühel in the hearts of downhill racers is the Lauberhorn at Wengen, Switzerland, a cruel and almost unendurably long course—about two and three quarter miles. Downhill Charlie speaks of that one with reverence, too, saying, "In the upper third there is the *Hundschopf* [Hound's Head], where you enter between two rocks, a very narrow way. And then you jump into a void. The course is very

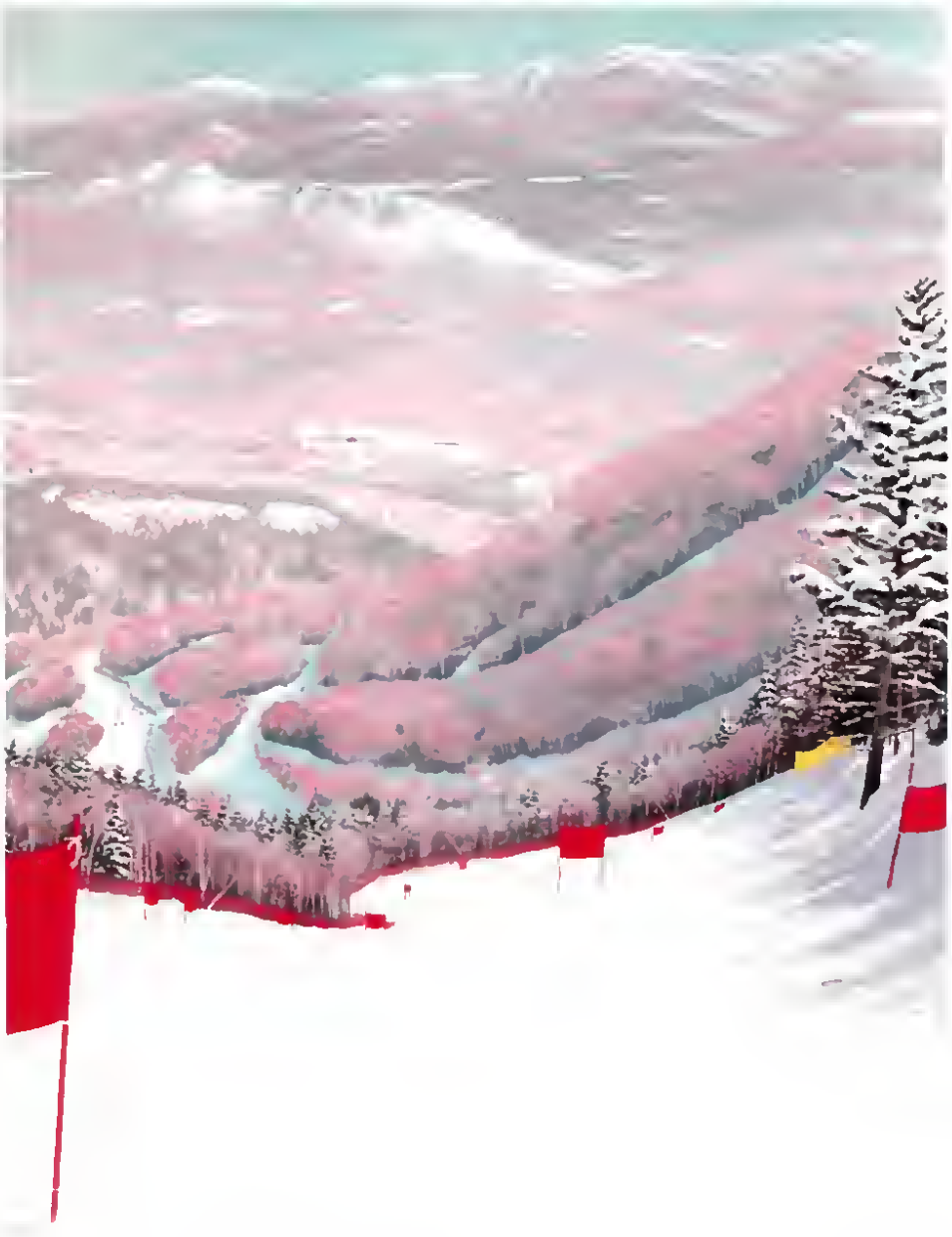
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steep all through, and very fast. It has many difficulties—and some of these you must negotiate after you have been racing for a full two minutes and you are so tired and have hardly any strength left."

These are the two best downhills, but there are perhaps two dozen other really good ones, each with its own character. There is Val Gardena in the Dolomites of northern Italy, with its deadly fast start and its *Kamelsprünge* (Camel Jumps) in the middle. There is Val d'Isère in the French Alps, with its icy chutes and its infamous compression, a sudden floor at the bottom of a high-speed drop that compresses the racer into himself. There is tough and turny Patscherkofel above Innsbruck, site of the 1976 Olympics and the magnificent victory of the Austrian Franz Klammer in a performance that is considered the best single downhill run ever made. There is Schladming in Austria, where crowds of 30,000 or more stand along its wild drop-off schuss to the finish. And there is Ruthie's Run in Aspen, Colo., with the hair-raising Strawpile Turn that some downhillers call the single most difficult maneuver in racing.

And now, for the 1980 Olympics, there is a new downhill course in upstate New York—and though it has considerable charms to go along with its warts, it is not one that warms the hearts of downhillers. It runs down the bleak countenance of Whiteface Mountain, a 4,867-foot-high wind-beaten heap of stone and earth. Whiteface is almost always wreathed in a cloud that lays a mean, chill mist over the summit, even on days that are clean and golden across the rest of the region. Whiteface can be a cold and surly place, but it can also be absolutely stunning.

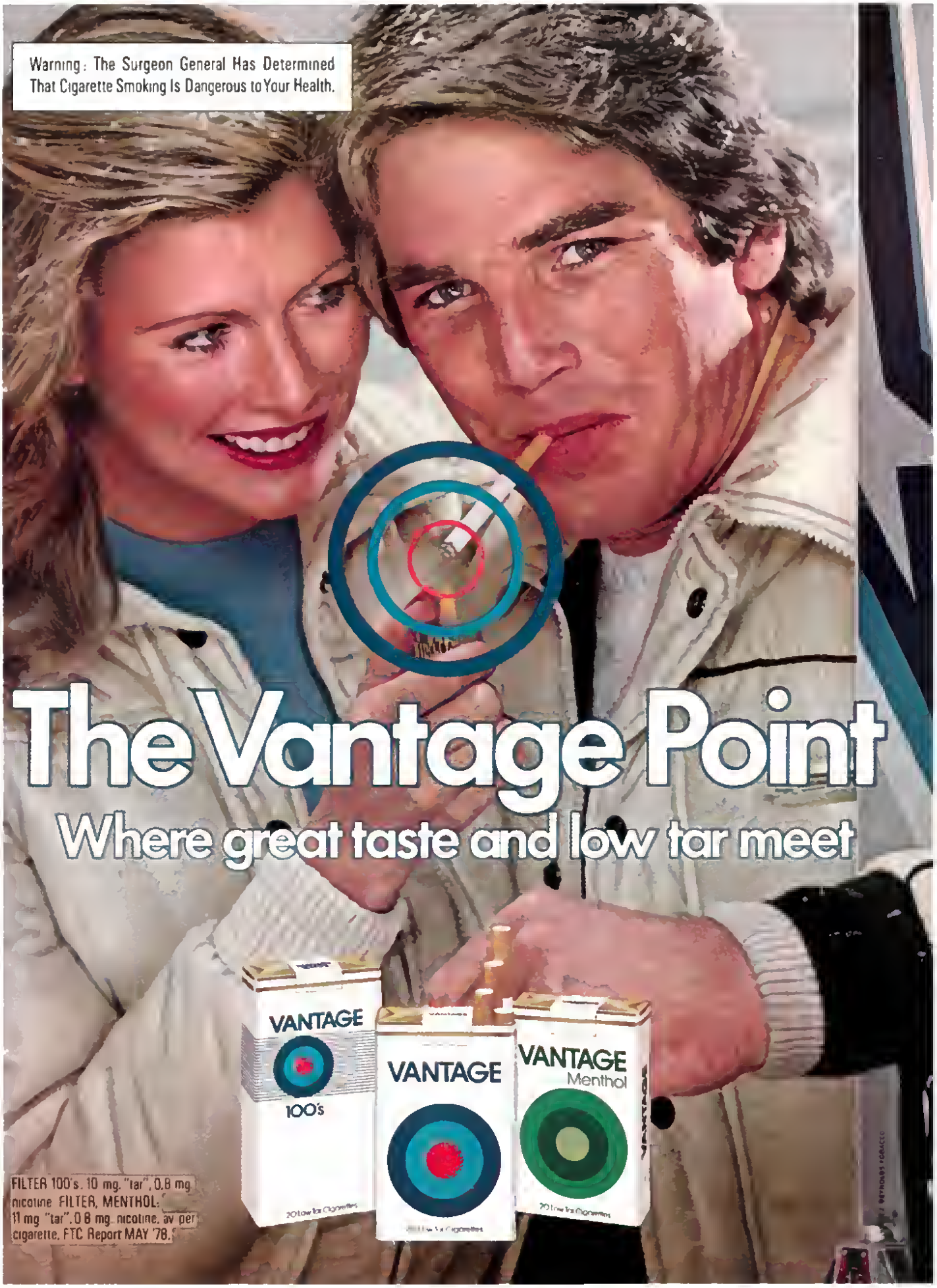
Coming out of Hurricane Alley, next week's downhillers will head into the sweeping drops of Sno Field.



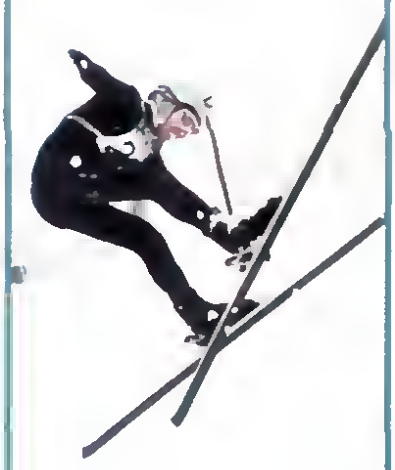
On the right kind of day, the men's course begins its 3,028-meter run at a small brown start-shack that looks out over a vista of woods and lower Adirondack peaks, over miles of foothills and river-sand flats to Lake Champlain and Vermont to the northeast. Seven miles away to the south are the tiny, clean structures of the Olympic ski jumps and the toy village of Lake Placid. This vista is all the more impressive in that one views it down a stark wasteland known as Hurricane Alley, which makes up the first 100 meters or so of the Olympic downhill. The sides of the Alley are lined with the snaggled stumps of old trees broken off by the hurricane-force gusts that often bludgeon the mountaintop. But all too often this splendid vista—and Hurricane Alley—is smothered in cloud cover. If either gusting wind or fog occurs on the day of the men's downhill, Feb. 14, the start will be dropped down the hill about 300 yards to a more protected spot.

But if Whiteface decides to smile on Valentine's Day, the Olympians can count on a memorable run. Franz Klammer, who couldn't do oetter than 19th at a 1979 World Cup downhill on Whiteface and who failed to make the Olympic team, is not wild about the course. "The top is like Kitzbühel—you must ski like a daredevil," he says. "In the middle it is like Val d'Isère, with average turns, but still very fast. Then at the bottom it is, unfortunately, quite flat. Also, it is a bit too short overall—about 1·45 [it takes two minutes to ski most downhill courses]." U.S. Alpine Director Bill Marolt, a

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Spinning into the worst of downhill crashes—a full eggbeater at the 1968 Winter Games—Moose Barrows emerged battered and bruised, but went on to become the U.S. coach. Alas, he says, today's aces find "the event is a science."



1960s-vintage downhiller, is more positive, saying, "The only unfortunate thing about the course is that it is very extreme: very steep at the top and relatively slow and rolling at the bottom. If the terrain were more varied all the way, it could be a truly classic downhill."

But even if it's not a classic, the Whiteface run presents a demanding Olympic test. As Mill puts it, "The winner will have to be a very competent downhiller—not only technically good, not only a glider, not only a person of high courage—but *all* of those things."

For a racer's-eye view of the Whiteface course, here's Mill talking his way down the route: "You start through Hurricane Alley on a fairly intermediate slope for 75 yards to a left-hand turn. You are on ice and, right off, you hit 40 to 45 mph, and you can see only 50 yards ahead. Then you turn slightly to the right. This is the entrance to Sno Field. You reach a drop-off, getting slightly airborne and hitting a left-hand turn as you land. You can't see the rest of the slope now. It's a blind, fall-away turn. This stretch is very technical. As you're turning, you pop over a rise and there is an immediate right-hand turn. Then immediately a left-hand change. And suddenly the slope opens up in front of you. The snow is usually hard. You get into a tuck to carry your speed across the exit at the bottom of Sno Field; you should be doing close to 70 mph. You hold the tuck through a traverse to a left-hand turn called Dynamite Corner. You are now almost a quarter of the way down.

"Then comes another slight drop-off. You see safety nets in the trees, and now you're coming into the section called Niagara. You come to a very demanding sharp right-hand turn, and that drops you off the headwall of Niagara. Here is where you must build up your speed for the flats. You should hit 70 mph at the bottom of Niagara. It goes suddenly very flat, sort of a depression. You carry the 70-mph speed over a small platform onto Victoria [after the mammoth waterfall in Africa]. It's steep. You hit over 80 mph here. There is a fairly large jump right at the bottom. You have to maintain your aerodynamic position, your tuck, over this jump so you can carry your speed as far as possible.

"Now you cut across under the chairlift, maintaining 65 to 70 mph through a long direction change to the right. You hit a slightly flatter section that is maybe 400 meters before the last jump to the finish. And that jump is the biggest on the course. It is very difficult because you don't want to go off it and fly very far. If you don't manage to either absorb it in your knees or pre-jump it, you go almost 120 feet through the air. You lose your speed, and you can't get it back because you land on the flat. From here you go under the chairlift again, past the restaurant, and it's *really* flat from here to the finish. All you can do from here on in is hope that you had a good run." (The winning time at the 1979 downhill on Whiteface was 1:42.88, by Peter Wirnsberger of Austria.)

The women's course, which snakes down 2,694 meters from a start in the trees, is set in similar, parallel terrain and has roughly the same overall strengths and weaknesses as the men's run: steep and tough on top, flat and slow on the bottom. Annemarie Moser-Pröll of Austria won the race on Whiteface last year in 1:43.07. Swiss champion Marie-Theres Nadig, 25, winner of both downhill and giant slalom gold medals in Sapporo in 1972, has taken *six* of seven downhills in Europe this season. She finished second on Whiteface last year, and the course does not please her. She says, grumpily, "At the top you really have to shake off your fears. It is very narrow there, the woods are very close, and right through the middle is a chairlift. You can't afford a mistake. The

continued

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whole thing depresses me. The lift towers confine me."

Nelson describes the course with no hint of Nadig's depression, indeed, she makes it sound fairly exhilarating. "It starts turny, difficult and steep for the top one-third. You really have to work very hard for speed. It's technically very difficult at the top for the first 30 seconds. The first major turn is Cloudspin. Then the course falls away. In the second turn—Crossover—you make a long, sharp turn left that leads you onto a small catwalk. At the end of it, you drop off into a very sharp 90-degree turn to the right, then left. Here you go into a series of small turns, which could be called high-speed giant slalom turns. You have to carry all your speed into the flats, and you have to worry about wind gusts on the flats. Sometimes they come across, sometimes from behind, sometimes up the slope. There is one bump, nothing major, in the last quarter of the course. You have to stay on the ground as much as possible or you lose speed; let your skis glide and carry that speed down into the flat. When you come into the Ziel Schuss in the lower section, you have to stay low and relaxed. You can't be bothered by the bumps there. If you're stiff, you'll open up over a bump. That will cost you at least two-tenths of a second."

Two-tenths of a second. A mere blink of the eye. Everything good or bad, a triumphant future as a national hero or a life as a ski bum, can happen to a downhiller in two-tenths of a second. So precise is this sport that two-tenths of a second is a *career*.



Occasional teetering aside, Cindy Nelson enjoys "working with speed."

And saving these fractions of a second ultimately boils down to something mundane: success or failure in the downhill is a question of *friction*. No matter how thrilling a race may be, it ultimately is nothing but a matter of which racer generated the least friction between his skis and the snow or between his body and the air. When Nelson speaks of losing time by opening up in a jump, she is talking about how much her momentum is slowed by her body slamming against a wall of air resistance. And it is slowed a *lot*. Thus, the great downhillers are powerfully built people, with strong thighs, who can stay in a tuck for a long time. Though a leap excites spectators and photographers, any downhiller knows that he has failed when he catches air too often. The latest talk is about the joys and importance of being a good "glider." Here, it seems, we may be dealing with something that is strictly God-given instead of man-made, something nicely beyond technology. As Hank Tauber, ex-director of the U.S. Alpine program, puts it, "The 'glider' is a racer who can keep his skis absolutely flat on the snow. It's a kind of sixth sense, I guess, and people are probably born with it. I sure don't know how you teach it. But when you see a good glider coming at you, it will seem as if his skis are actually floating over the snow. It calls for flexible lower extremities—and a kind of *feel* for the snow."

Downhill ski racing has been analyzed and categorized and hybridized and technologized so much in the past few years that it is hard to realize what a nice, simple game it all started out to be. Long before it became a science and a life-style, it was a mere pretty run down a snowy meadow somewhere in Norway, perhaps half a dozen centuries ago. No one is quite sure when it first got going—but obviously, the relative lack of mountains in Scandinavia meant that the downhill was a fairly limited event. It took the rollicking miners in the American West to create the first of the down-the-hill danger runs, and, amazingly enough, their technique was almost as aerodynamically sound as today's. As one miner-downhiller wrote: "We pole for dear life. . . . When the highest attainable speed is reached, we squat low on our snowshoes [skis] to prevent retarding speed and to offer as little front as possible to the resistance of air. . . ."

One of the European pioneers in organized downhill racing was Mathias Zdarsky, an Austrian skier/inventor known as a grandfather of modern skiing because of the heel-fixed spring-cable bindings he originated around the turn of this century. He also invented a version of the downhill that involved running eight gates strung over a long haul down a mountain. Skiers carried rucksacks of food and wine on their backs. They also carried a single pole, known as a *Skistock*, which they straddled for braking and direction change. Zdarsky's dramatic, if quaint, advice to downhill racers went like this: "The ski runner leans back on his stick and darts downward, eyes closed. He continues straight as an arrow until he can no longer breathe, then tosses him-

continued

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self sideways into the snow. And when he regains his wind he hurtles himself once again toward the valley below."

Early racers in Europe were required to run downhill courses without knowing anything about their layout. In a 1910 Austrian ski novel, *Flight Without Wings*, the hero stood waiting to start: "One thing had puzzled him: about one minute from the start, the spectators always burst into loud laughter down the course. Evidently something particularly awkward lay in wait." The hero flung himself down the hill, saw a road and a stone wall ahead and decided to leap them in a single *Geländesprung*—"but just as the wall flashed beneath him, he saw to his alarm that he was heading straight into a large open water hole. Now he knew what had made the spectators laugh."

In U.S. racing early in this century, "downhill racing" didn't always mean quite what it sounds like. As Charles Proctor, a member of the 1928 U.S. Olympic ski team, pointed out, although regulations called for a downhill race to be at least a mile long, "usually there was no terrain with a hill long enough to give a full mile. What usually happened was that the race started from the highest point possible, went down, then up to the top again and finished at the bottom. This gave more downhill than up, but there was more time spent in climbing than in downhill running, so the race was usually won or lost on the climb."

There was another, more elegant form of the downhill known as "the proficiency contest" in those days. It involved judges who scrutinized the form of contestants as they made two Christiania turns, two Telemarks, an "S" turn and a snowplow stop. Perfect form for this slow-motion event required standing on the skis with the back perfectly straight, the knees slightly flexed, one foot slightly ahead of the other and the hands held at the sides. When poles were carried, the skier was disqualified or penalized if they touched the snow.

It's hard to believe, but all this was gradually leading to the kind of hell-for-crash-helmet downhill racing we have today. The first international downhill events came in the late 1920s, the first U.S. championship in 1933, the first

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Olympic medals in 1936. It didn't take long for the men's downhill to become a headlong super-sensationalized, race-with-death kind of event. As early as 1937, Dick Durrance, a clean-cut Dartmouth student who was then America's best ski racer, wrote an angry article about the "maniacal mountain diving" that the sport had turned into, and he decried the "headline heroes" who sought publicity by plunging down ever steeper trails.

Despite the fact that the downhill was a macho test for men, it was from the start an event for women, too, though much gentler. One of the best racers was a British woman named Audrey Sale-Barker, and a description of her from a contemporary account (1929) is fascinating—if only to see how this rather pale and ethereal young thing contrasts with the sturdy, hard-schussing women downhillers of today: "Audrey Sale-Barker was very tall, extremely slim ... with pale honey-colored hair, a vague, dreamy expression, and when she skied I can only describe her as a sleepwalker. She stood very erect with both arms slightly lifted in front of her. She had little or no reserve strength in a race, gave everything she had and often collapsed and fainted when a race was over. ..."

But things were changing for both men and women. In the late '40s, Bill Beck, now 50, was the U.S.'s No. 1 downhiller; in fact, his fifth-place finish in the 1952 Olympics in Oslo is still the best for an American man. He recalls that "those were simple days—wooden skis, long-thong bindings, and the courses, well, you'd just get to the mountain and ski on whatever was there. There was no grooming in those days. A little shoveling maybe by the Swiss army before the Lauberhorn. There'd be ruts up to your rear end, potholes. You were at the mercy of the weather. You'd have to find your line down the course through the moguls made by recreational skiers the day before. There were no such things as safety nets or snow fences. There were no helmets—although some of us experimented with those tubular brown leather things that bicycle racers wear. But the downhill was still *the* event for ski racers, it was *the* prestigious race to be in."

It was also a dangerous event: despite primitive equipment, racers were bombing those ungroomed slopes at more than 60 mph. There were no nets, not even hay bales or fences to keep flying racers from zinging off the course and running into trees, rocks—or worse. There were fatal crashes every year and dozens of serious injuries. Then came the day that may have been the worst ever.

It was January 1959. The race was the 24th Kandahar, staged on the Kreuzeck above Garmisch in West Germany. It was not a particularly long course, only 3.4 kilometers, nor was it particularly difficult, though one rocky section was called *Hölle* (Hell). At race time, the sky was overcast and the light was flat. This is a common enough condition in ski racing—an eerie half-world in which there are no shadows, and bumps are impossible to spot.

Three forerunners were to test the Kreuzeck before the race started. Two crashed and never got to the bottom. The third made it, but he had fallen four times. The rest of that bleak day was chronicled by Curtis Casewit in a 1963 book called *Ski Racing*. Casewit had been at the bottom of the course as the racers came down. First came Anderl Molterer, the great Austrian. Casewit wrote: "He was white like paper and when he pulled off his crash helmet, his blond hair remained glued green to his forehead. He summed up this Kandahar with one word: 'Madness!' " The next racer, Willy Forrer of Switzerland, was shaking when he finished, and he could only mutter, "Oh, God, oh, God." Then came the winner, Karl Schranz, a babe of 21 at the time. He was pale, too, and he said only, "I'm alive." And as the race went on, things got worse. In all, 89 men started, 39 cracked up and, as Casewit reported, "There were altogether six broken bones, two broken ribs, and one ripped-off nose—cleanly sheared to the upper lip, bone and all."

But the worst was yet to happen. Racer No. 44 was John Semmelink of Canada, only 20 years old. He had made it halfway down the course in "perfect form, on legs like steel," wrote Casewit. "He was still sliding through the chutes at high speed, jumped down the 'Ice Cliff,' sped hotly through the narrow *Hölle*, and then entered the *Himmelreich*, the 'Heaven.' Witnesses later reported that he took a turn too fast. One of his bindings opened: he fell high through the sky and crashed into a 300-foot-deep gulley. It was icy and studded with rocks, and Semmelink fell on his head." It took a while for the ski patrol to reach the young skier, but the man who reached him first later said, "He was still screaming. His helmet had broken like an eggshell. His head was bleeding. His nose was smashed. His jaw hung askew." Semmelink died three hours later.

Death was not unusual in the downhill in those days. The same year Semmelink was killed, Toni Mark, a promising Austrian skier, died when he fell and somersaulted into the rocks along a downhill course. Those rocks had already so badly injured another skier that both his legs had to be amputated. These tragic occurrences were accepted as routine in this deadly game, and the victims were idolized. In Italy, a racecourse was named for a young Italian who had died there, and photos of him were given out at the start of races there, bearing the caption: ... YOU MET YOUR INEXORABLE FATE, COLD AS THE SNOW UNDER YOUR SPEEDING SKIS. YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED FOREVER, BUT IN OUR EYES, YOU HAVE WON.

Safety devices have been installed along every FIS racecourse now. On Whiteface there are $300,000 worth of nets hung like massive red lace curtains along the woods and rocks to scoop up speeding skiers gone awry. Hay bales and padding and snow fences line courses, too. Indeed, the FIS even has a rule that sets speed limits for downhills at 90 kph (55 mph) for men and 80 kph (49 mph) for women, but no one pays any attention to these restrictions.

Glamorous though it seems to the spectator, and as peaceful as today's racer may find it, the downhill is still an explosive event. True, death has been rare lately. The last racer to die in a World Cup race was Michel Bozon of

continued

France in January 1970 at Mégeve. But Leonardo David of Italy fell at the bottom of the Whiteface downhill last March and has been unable to speak or move his limbs since. It is likely that the head injury that caused his condition was the result of a much more jarring fall in the Italian championship two weeks earlier. One of the worst accidents involved the 19-year-old brother of Franz Klammer. Young Klaus Klammer was hurt in a fall three years ago in a B race, a downhill at Lienz, Austria. He has not walked a step since, and nowadays is confined to a wheelchair.

There are those who think that Franz Klammer's relative lack of success since 1978 may have been the result of haunting reflection about his crippled brother. Franz, a gentle and intelligent young man, does not agree with this theory, though he does admit that fear—or a form of it—does affect a downhill racer's performance. "I used to think when I was young that there was no such thing as fear," he says. "But it does exist, of course. Let's call it respect, not fear. Say there is a difficult jump on the course. I don't fear it, I respect it. I can't remember ever having actually felt fear during a race. Respect for the course means that you know what is necessary, you know that you can go so far, but no farther, you know that there *is* a limit. It makes no sense to go too fast and crash."

Whatever the cause, Klammer's fall from being Austria's celebrated "Astronaut" to being a constant also-ran is shocking. In 1976 he won six of nine downhills, including the Olympics, and in 1977 he won six of 10. Yet his best finish in the past two seasons was a fifth at Val Gardena, his worst a 40th at Villars. Why? Franz himself is puzzled, though eternally hopeful. "Last winter, I suddenly had no feel for the turns anymore," he says. "I may have done too much conditioning work, and I may have used my strength to brake. This year I have done less strength training and more skiing. When your feeling is gone, your confidence is gone."

Klammer's coach is Downhill Charlie Kahr, and Kahr is philosophical about his star's descent. "Franz has become a calmer person," he says. "He is no longer as spectacular as he was at Innsbruck. But he dominated downhill racing for years, set new limits that no one else could reach. He took more chances than anyone. He held his tuck longer. But then others came and dominated Franz. They skied to the same limits he had been setting, and right now many are skiing that way. That's why we have such depth at the top and that's why we have no Klammer as Klammer once was."

No one has ever ruled the men's downhill with quite the élan and confidence of Klammer, but Toni Sailer of Austria and Jean-Claude Killy of France, the two Olympic triple-gold winners, were splendid at the event, and Schranz, the Austrian master of the 1960s, was magnificent—perhaps second only to Klammer. Marolt was a contemporary of Schranz, and he said, "Karl's career was up and down, but he had the knack for finding a way to change either his style or his attitude or whatever to keep himself at world-class level. During his career, equipment changed, styles of skiing changed, but somehow Karl was able to keep up."

The first of the great downhillers was Zeno Colo, the Italian who won the world championship in 1950 and the Olympics in 1952. Says Downhill Charlie of Colo, "He was racing on wooden skis with cable bindings, and considering the equipment, his performances were extraordinary. The speed wasn't as high then, but the equipment wasn't so good, either. You had a hell of a time skiing icy turns in soft boots. They'd collapse at high speeds. To compare times, Zeno Colo won at Wengen in 1948 in 4:16 when the course was a quarter mile shorter; then in 1969 Schranz was doing the longer course in 3:01 with good equipment. In 1975, with the equipment we have today, Klammer did the same course in 2:35." This year Peter Müller of Switzerland won in 2.30.

Great downhillers have come and gone for decades now. And what has separated them from mere mortals? What made them what they were? The Swiss coach Rolf Hefti offers this profile of the consummate downhill champion: 1) he must have courage; 2) he must have a feeling in his feet like a piano player has in his hands, a feeling for gliding; 3) he has to have strength and athletic ability; 4) he needs a feel for speed and distances, and he must have instantaneous reactions; 5) he must enjoy taking risks. Kahr agrees with the physical attributes—the superb coordination, the instinct for gliding, the quick reflexes—but he also cites a couple of less tangible characteristics: "I can say that the ideal downhiller must be a little uppity, a little arrogant," Downhill Charlie says. "I love that type. He has to have guts, and he should always be plenty nervous before the start. And then, too, it doesn't hurt if he is born poor, because when a skier's born poor it is in his nature to want to get ahead. Yes, take the poor ones—Klammer, Moser-Pröll, Nadig, Wirnsberger—they all came from tiny villages, from poor parents, and they wanted to prove they were someone through performances on the mountain."

And Mill, viewing his own breed from the nice, silent place inside his helmet, says, "I see us as thrill-seekers. We enjoy our adrenaline rush. Every year, when spring comes and the racing season ends, I realize we are adrenaline junkies because all of a sudden there is no thrill, no downhill to run, and we don't know what to do with ourselves. It's crazy. You feel crazy. You have anxieties when you don't have that speed, that rush of adrenaline."

Among other things, it blots out thoughts of pain. Mill was hit with an entire package of downhiller's woes at the Innsbruck Olympics. The pressure of the race was bad enough, but he was also suffering from an incredibly painful injury: "I was up on top, waiting for the first racers to go. It was sunny and there was a light breeze. The tension was terrible—and on top of it I had this huge bruise on my shin and around the calf of my right leg. It was exactly where the pressures of my boot would be the greatest during the race. So I was sitting on my skis and my right foot was bare. I had it stuck deep in the snow up to mid-calf. I wanted to make it all absolutely numb, like a piece of lum-

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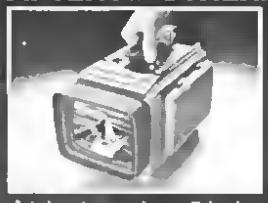
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ber. I also had three pieces of cardboard taped together and I was going to insert them in the back of my ski boot to distribute the pressure there over a larger area—hoping that the boot top wouldn't press directly on the damned bruise.

"There was a roar when the first racer went out. I wanted to get up and move around and watch, but I stayed where I was, letting my leg freeze. It finally went numb. When I got in the starting gate, I couldn't feel anything in the leg from the knee down. I was trying to go fairly fast from the very start. I thought I was doing O.K. I couldn't feel any great pain. Then, I wasn't quite halfway down when—*wham!*—a terrific pain shot up my leg. I had never felt anything close to it. I hurt so bad, I started looking for a place to pull over and stop.

"Then I decided I just *had* to remove my mind from it; I had to think about something else. All this while the gates were flashing by and I was going like hell. I decided to concentrate with all my intensity on going faster. It was the only idea in my mind. Then the pain left me. Just went away. The whole last half of the race, I didn't feel it. I crossed the finish line and felt great. My time was great. Then it hit me. I thought I was going to faint." But Andy Mill had finished sixth in the Olympics—the best he had ever done in *any* major race and the best any American had done since 1952.

All right, then. To adrenaline, add courage. The Austrian women's coach Alois Bumberger says it loudly, "*First* of everything, you need courage. Without it, the most dazzling skiers won't ever get near the top. You have to enjoy speed, enjoy risks, search for risks. It's like a game with death, and the racer must delight in it. Downhillers are tough on themselves. They possess a certain brutality when they are on the course."

Well, it is an interesting concept. But perhaps courage is not automatically beneficial for the downhiller. Nelson, for one, thinks it can be overdone. "If you have strength, coordination and a pretty good head to concentrate on the course, then courage is not so important. In fact, if you have *only* courage, you'll probably end up in a hospital. Personally, I feel I don't have a whole lot of courage. I have fears about getting hurt. But I have a whole lot of confidence when I'm on the mountain—and I'll take that over courage."

Nelson may have something here. The development of the downhill has perhaps gotten to a point where raw human bravery and a willingness to risk your life are not so imperative as technique and technology, as basic engineering. Moose Barrows is a former racer from quite another era: he was a rah-rah, all-out runaway-horse kind of racer in his day, and because of it, he took one of the meanest, most spectacular multiple somersaulting falls ever seen, during his run at the 1968 Olympics in Grenoble. His most serious injury was a dislocated hip. Barrows today views the incident with a certain nostalgia, a certain melancholy, even a certain bitterness. He feels the game has gotten so dangerous that a true high-risk skier can't succeed. "It is a science now," he says, "and there are a whole lot of engineering elements in ski racing that have removed a lot of opportunities for individual judgment and personal risk by the skier. Downhills are faster, the danger of serious injury is higher, but taking risks as an element of race strategy or as an opportunity to defeat your opponent has probably decreased. There is so much danger on the hill now that it has affected the personality of the racers. They are still going all out, but the intense pressure of racing on such dangerous courses, coupled with the political and industrial pressures, combine to make it all a more mechanical operation. Consequently, there are a lot of people at the top who are all about as good as one another. And what you have today is a computerized downhill racer."

But, of course, there are no true automatons in the downhill, not really. They may be splendid technicians, products of engineering breakthroughs and high-tech imaginations. But whatever their motives and whatever their mechanics, the really good downhillers of today are far more a product of their own personal heritage, their own physiques and their hearts than they are of any laboratory ski scientist or computerized profile.

Indeed, there *is* no profile that fits all the first-class downhillers of the day. Here is Nadig, apple-cheeked and broad-shouldered, who says shyly, "Sometimes I lack courage and sometimes I ski too much with my head instead of my heart." And here is the haughty queen of them all, the best in history, the undaunted Moser-Pröll, who laughs and pours free champagne in her hometown café after she wins. And here is the stocky, blond Nelson, who would rather backpack and fish in the north woods beyond her Minnesota home than anything in the world.

Peter Müller, 22, the wildly uncontrolled Swiss racer who won the downhill World Cup last year, is known as an odd and lonesome fellow, given to quarreling with his roommates, yet he loves to collect mushrooms and wants nothing more than to be a gardener when he quits skiing. And the 21-year-old Austrian Wirnsberger, who won the World Cup downhill at Whiteface last year, is as handsome as Sailer ever was, is the son of a mechanic, grew up in a remodeled parish house, is a member of the police force in his village and skis with classic aggressiveness and superb control. And Ken Read, 24, a member of the brilliant, if madcap, Canadian downhill team, is the son of a well-to-do doctor in Calgary and is known on the racing circuit as being absolutely fearless—indeed "too daring," as Downhill Charlie sees him.

Whatever they are like, they are the downhillers of 1980, and there will be no one quite like them at Lake Placid next week. For they are indeed a special breed, they have a special calling. They see the world from inside a helmet where the periphery is nothing but blurs, and straight ahead is a red gate and a turn that they must negotiate at 80 mph. And they don't see death and they don't see fear and they don't see anything down that hill—except peace and quiet and contentment. One can only assume that Mill is quite right when he says coolly, "You see, downhill racing becomes like a religion to us. It never leaves our minds." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 28–Feb. 3

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA At the All-Star break, the league's tightest race was in the Pacific Division, where Los Angeles trailed Seattle by half a game The Sonics snapped a three-game losing streak with a 105–101 win over Milwaukee, but the Lakers beat the Bucks 112–102, too They lost 154–153 at Cleveland and defeated Chicago 107–97 to run their recent record to nine wins in 11 games. The loss to the Cavaliers came in four overtimes, with Cleveland's Mike Mitchell sinking two free throws with two seconds remaining. That same night, in San Diego, the Clippers broke a losing streak at six by beating Phoenix 133–121, but the big news in that game was the return of Bill Walton *(page 20)* In the Midwest, Kansas City moved five games ahead of Milwaukee, which had just one win, a 103–96 defeat of Portland. The Kings beat Denver 121–111 behind Otis Birdsong's 49 points and Seattle 99–97 on Birdsong's 20-foot jump shot with two seconds to go K C then lost 94–93 to the Trail Blazers Atlanta got some breathing room over San Antonio in the Central Division by beating the Spurs 118–111 to snap a four-game San Antonio winning streak The Hawks went on to defeat Washington 98–82 and Golden State 111–107 in overtime to pull away by 2½ games In the Atlantic Division, Boston stayed ahead of Philadelphia with four straight triumphs—131–108 over San Diego, 103–99 over Chicago, 110–103 over Cleveland and 119–103 over Washington The 76ers went 2–2, losing 125–118 at Phoenix, despite 34 points from Darryl Dawkins *(page 32)*, and 107–101 at Utah Philadelphia then managed wins over Detroit (121–108) and Houston (110–105) In a 107–103 Knick triumph over Golden State, New York Coach Red Holtzman got his 600th career victory The Knicks then beat Indiana 112–102 for their fifth victory in a row. The Eastern Conference defeated the West 144–136 in overtime in the 30th All-Star Game, at Landover, Md

BOWLING—ALVIN LOU beat Gip Lentine 277–211 to win a $100,000 PBA tournament in Florissant, Mo

BOXING—LARRY HOLMES, 30, knocked out Lorenzo Zanon in the sixth round in Las Vegas to retain his WBC heavyweight crown On the same card, WILFREDO GOMEZ, 23, successfully defended his WBC super bantamweight title when Ruben Valdez did not answer the bell for the seventh round

SALVADOR SANCHEZ defeated Danny (Little Red) Lopez on a 13th-round TKO in Phoenix to win the WBC featherweight title

GOLF—GEORGE BURNS shot an eight-under-par 280 to win the $300,000 Bing Crosby National Pro-Am tournament in Pebble Beach, Calif *(page 24)*

JoANNE CARNER beat Sandra Post by two strokes to win the $100,000 Whirlpool Championship of Deer Creek in Deerfield Beach, Fla., with a 10-under-par 282

HOCKEY—NHL As the All-Star Game approached, Minnesota, once unbeaten in 22 straight games but now winless in seven, had high hopes for its meeting with Vancouver The Canucks, after all, had been winless in 11 games In a brawl-filled game in which the officials assessed 180 minutes in penalties, Vancouver won 5–4 Los Angeles sustained its fourth defeat in a row, 5–4 to Montreal, while Quebec ended its week with a 7–2 loss to Boston, leaving the Nordiques winless in four games. The Bruins, on the other hand, were 3–2–0 since three of their players were suspended on Jan 25 for fighting and were in third place with 68 points, two behind second-place Buffalo and 14 behind No 1 Philadelphia Edmonton beat Winnipeg 9–2 as Wayne Gretzky had a hat trick and tied Colorado 2–2 Hartford defeated Atlanta 6–1 on a Blaine Stoughton hat trick and Boston 8–2 as Mike Rogers scored three goals and Mark Howe had five assists Pittsburgh's switch to Steeler-Pirate championship black and gold—the Penguins had formerly worn blue-and-white uniforms—was ruined by 4–3 losses to St Louis and Detroit. The Red Wings' Mike Foligno got his second hat trick of the week in that victory The Penguins sustained their third consecutive defeat, 4–0 at the hands of league-leading Philadelphia, which was unbeaten in 10 games. In helping the Rangers overcome Washington 6–3, Phil Esposito scored his 699th and 700th goals, placing him second to Gordie Howe on the all-time list

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR BID ($2.60), Bill Shoemaker up, won the $214,500 Charles Strub Stakes at Santa Anita with a time of 1 57⅘, an American record for 1¼ miles

MOTOR SPORTS—West German drivers Rolf Stommelen, Reinhold Joest and Volkert Merl combined to drive a Porsche Turbo to victory in the 24-hour endurance race at Daytona Beach, Fla

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE beat Roscoe Tanner 6–1, 6–2 to win the $175,000 Richmond (Va) Tennis Classic

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Virginia Wade 6–2, 7–6 in the finals of a $150,000 tournament in Seattle

MILEPOSTS—NAMED As coach of the St Louis football Cardinals, JIM HANIFAN, 46

As football coach at Michigan State, FRANK (Muddy) WATERS, 57, to replace Darryl Rogers, who is now at Arizona State

As football coach at Stanford, PAUL WIGGIN, 45, replacing Rod Dowhower, who had resigned

PLACED ON PROBATION By the NCAA, the Oral Roberts University basketball team for gifts to team members and violations of the three-visit rule for high school prospects. The team is banned from NCAA-controlled telecasts and postseason play for one year

RESIGNED As basketball coach at Iowa State, LYNN NANCE, 37, who had a 3½-year record of 41–58 His two assistants will serve as interim co-coaches.

SIGNED By the Houston Astros, JOE MORGAN 36 to a one-year contract worth a reported $225,000

As coach of the Cosmos, HENNES WEISWEILER 60, of West Germany, who is credited with inventing the "total football" style of play

TRADED By the Denver Nuggets, Forward GEORGE McGINNIS, 29, to the Indiana Pacers for Alex English 26, also a forward, and the Pacers' first-round pick in this year's draft

By the N Y Jets, Quarterback MATT ROBINSON 24 to the Denver Broncos for Craig Penrose, a reserve quarterback, and the Broncos' first- and second-round 1980 draft choices

CREDITS

16-18—Manny Millan **19**—Tony Triolo (left) Manny Millan **20,21**—Robert Hagedohm (left) Peter Read Miller (2) **22**—Robert Hagedohm **23**—Peter Read Miller **24,25**—John Iacono (left) Richard Mackson **26**—Mickey Pfleger (top) John Iacono (2) **33**—Manny Millan **34,35**—Bob Kingsbury (center) Manny Millan (2) **36**—Bob Kingsbury **48,49**—John G Zimmerman **50,51**—All Sport/Tony Duffy **53**—Heinz Kluetmeier **55**—Gerald Brimacombe **56,57**—Heinz Kluetmeier **58,59**—All Sport/Tony Duffy **60**—Jerry Cooke **62-64**—Illustrations by Don Moss **62,64**—Heinz Kluetmeier **71**—John D Hanlon **75**—Carl Skalak **86**—Helmut Gritschar **90**—John G Zimmerman **92**—Helmut Gritschar **103**—Doug Hoke Daily Oklahoman (1) **104**—Willie Stargell

FACES IN THE CROWD



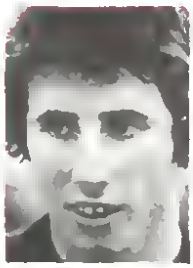
BRUCE WILLIAMS
FLORIEN, LA

Williams, 18, a 6′ 5″ center for Florien High, has scored 5,200 points in his career and led the Black Cats to a four-year record of 147–60. He is the second-leading high school scorer in history, 1,502 behind Greg Procell, also of Louisiana



PATRICIA MIHALKO
RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N Y

Mihalko, 39, coached the girls' field hockey team of Cooperstown Central School to a 13–0–1 season, its second state Class CDE title in three years and its fifth consecutive conference crown Mihalko's teams have a 17-year record of 140–25–20



JOE DIAL
MARLOW, OKLA

Joe, a 17-year-old junior at Marlow High, set a national indoor high school record in the pole vault by clearing 16′ 7¼″ at the Oklahoma Track Coaches Winter Meet in Oklahoma City He beat the former mark by one-quarter inch.



CINDY DAVIES
INDIANA, PA

Cindy, a 6′ 1″ senior center for Indiana High, has scored 2,261 points in her career, 24 short of the state record set in 1978 by Deb Christman of Emmaus (Pa) High. In her four seasons she has so far led the Squaws to 112 victories in 117 games.



RON TABB
HOUSTON

Tabb, a 25-year-old store manager, won the Houston Marathon for the second time, with a clocking of 2:13.35. He beat 1,914 other entrants, including Jay Helgerson of Foster City, Calif., who was running his 52nd marathon in 52 weeks



YUMI MORORE
VASHON ISLAND, WASH

Yumi, a 13-year-old gymnast, received a perfect 10 for a handspring-front (pike) vault at an invitational meet in Bellevue, Wash and then placed first in the 16-and-under Northshore Invitational meet in Vancouver, British Columbia.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

COVERAGE

Sir:

That is an incredible cover shot (Jan. 28) of an incredible player (John Stallworth) by an incredible photographer (Walter Iooss Jr.).

GREG CAVA
Photography student
Art Center College of Design
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

Walter Iooss Jr.'s cover photograph of John Stallworth's great catch and Rod Perry's equally fantastic attempt to deflect that Bradshaw bomb more than lives up to your magazine's name, as it clearly illustrates just how close the grossly underrated Rams came to pulling a Namath-type miracle in Super Bowl XIV. Great game! Equally great coverage!

RICHARD LARABA
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Until now, I had thought that Manny Millan's picture of Arkansas' Sidney Moncrief on your Feb. 13, 1978 cover was incredible. However, the photograph of John Stallworth's touchdown reception is a classic.

TERENCE S. MOORE
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

The only other cover shot that could possibly equal this one is Heinz Kluetmeier's Jan. 26, 1976 photo of Lynn Swann making one of his patented catches against Dallas in Super Bowl X.

KEVIN BURKE
Dallas

Sir:

Football's detractors who see the game only as a sadistic expression of our violent society should study your Jan. 28 cover photo. The beauty and grace captured by that fantastic shot are worth ten thousand words.

ALLAN CUTLER
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

It's interesting that Willie Stargell was assigned by SI to shoot the Super Bowl (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Jan. 28). But I'd rather read about how your regular staff photographers do it. Walter Iooss Jr.'s cover shot captured the climactic millisecond of the 1980 Super Bowl. It also shows clearly why Stallworth should have been the MVP. SI's marvelous photojournalists deserve nothing less than a feature story.

ROBERT S. SAXON
Philadelphia

Sir:

You blew the coverage. Can't we see just one of Willie Stargell's photos?

PAUL J. CASSIDY
General Manager
Radio Station KWST
Los Angeles

• Sure, see below.—ED

THE MOSCOW GAMES (CONT.)

Sir:

I must compliment you on your special report *The Olympic Ultimatum* (Jan. 28). The U.S. has real problems with the Soviets in Afghanistan, and to go ahead with the Olympics as if nothing had ever happened would be inexcusable. It *is* inexcusable for the International Olympic Committee to bury its head in the sand and try not to notice the great wave of sentiment that is sweeping the world in favor of either boycotting the Olympics or moving them out of Moscow.

Thanks for an excellent editorial. It's obvious your priorities are where they belong.

PHIL WEAVER
Editor
Greenwood Democrat
Greenwood, Ark.

Sir:

As one who has seen many American standards compromised, I should be callous enough to accept our threatened boycott of the Olympics. On this issue, however, I must protest! America has made it a point of honor that the Olympics—or, more properly, the spirit of amateur sport unfettered by nationalism—transcends ordinary dealings between nations.

An analogy has been drawn between the Soviet Union of 1980 and Germany of 1936. We are told the Olympics will be a stage for Soviet propaganda. Hitler tried a similar ploy, but magnificent efforts by the athletes—remember Jesse Owens?—reduced the goose-stepping antics on the sidelines to a farce.

In the conduct of human affairs, sport has been said to be an alternative to the mindless terror of war. Can we afford, in the age of the ICBM, to allow any people-to-people event—particularly the Olympics—to fail?

JIM SHAW
Nunica, Mich.

Sir:

An Olympic boycott might be politically acceptable because there are few athlete-voters. But it goes against our strong belief in the Olympic ideals. It also goes against our national character—we love a good sporting challenge.

Moscow doesn't own the Olympic Games. It is just hosting them. The spectacle of thousands of athletes wearing black armbands to protest Soviet aggression against Afghanistan and against the human rights of their own people should disturb the Soviet leaders more than a boycott.

This type of simple but eloquent protest conducted in the Kremlin's shadow would most likely be supported by even more nations and could also encourage dissent within the Soviet sphere. The only reason to keep our athletes at home is if we are concerned about their safety.

DAN RUPP
Columbus, Ohio

continued



This Stargell shot, originally in color, caught Wendell Tyler as he was being stopped short of the goal

PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

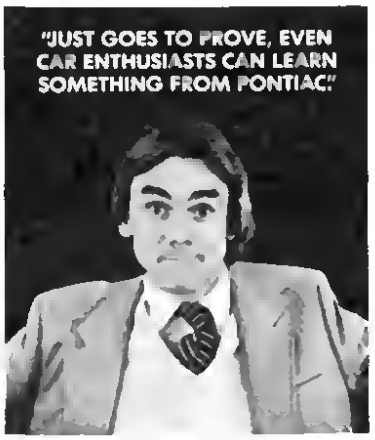
FIREBIRD vs. MAZDA RX 7 "S"

Some car enthusiasts think of Mazda RX 7 "S" as an economical, sporty import. If you're one of them, here's surprising news from Pontiac.

FIREBIRD OFFERS BETTER MILEAGE AND RANGE.

Pontiac Firebird rates 20 *EPA EST. MPG* while Mazda RX 7 "S" offers only 16 *EPA EST. MPG*. Multiply Firebird's 20 *EPA EST. MPG* by its 21 gallon fuel tank, and you'll see Firebird has an estimated range of 420 miles. Mazda RX 7 "S" has a fuel capacity of 14.5 gallons, giving it an estimated range of only 232 miles. Remember. Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Firebird mileage and range lower in California—Mazda's are the same.

Firebirds are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



FIREBIRD HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS.

According to the fuel economy sticker the government requires on every new car sold in America, Firebird costs $206 less per year for gas than Mazda RX 7 "S". The EPA bases annual fuel costs on each car's "estimated mpg" for 15,000 miles at 90¢ per gallon. However, the annual fuel costs quoted here are based on a more realistic fuel price of $1.10 per gallon.

FIREBIRD HAS A LOWER INITIAL PRICE.

At $6132, Firebird is priced at $1748 less than Mazda RX 7 "S". This base car comparison of manufacturer suggested retail prices includes automatic transmission and dealer prep. Taxes, license and available equipment additional. Destination charges vary by location and affect comparison. Level of standard equipment varies.

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S67639

Sir:

The day the U.S. subsidizes American athletes by giving them funds to live on while they train for the Olympic Games is the day this country will have the right to hand out Olympic ultimatums.

MRS. HANS KAYEM
Houston

Sir:

In 1936, Hitler's Germany was preparing for war and at the same time trying to wipe out a sizable number of its own population. The International Olympic Committee went on with the Games as though everything was normal.

Now the Soviet Union has brazenly invaded and crushed a peaceful neighbor. Perhaps the International Olympic Committee should try something different this time. Pulling the Games out of Moscow and holding them elsewhere could unite the rest of the world and maybe make the Russians rethink their aggressive policies.

HOWARD JERGENSON
Cincinnati

Sir:

The ultimate answer to any question concerning the boycott of the Summer Olympics is that there are times when personal goals must become secondary to the goals and needs of one's country.

While I fully understand the feelings of athletes who have trained for years to compete in the Games, their sacrifice seems minimal when compared to the potential sacrifice of Americans who may be called upon to put down their books or leave their jobs to defend their country.

V. J. ANDERSON
Oklahoma City

BASKETBALL ABROAD

Sir:

I enjoyed Bruce Newman's article on U.S. pro basketball players who have gone to Europe in an attempt to prolong their playing careers, *Basketball Italian Style* (Jan. 28). I was especially interested in the paragraphs devoted to Bob Morse, because I recall his impressive performance in a Holiday Festival tournament at Madison Square Garden in 1969. It was the same tournament in which St. Bonaventure's Bob Lanier scored a record-tying 50 points in the final against a Rick Mount-led Purdue team. Morse's Penn team failed to reach the finals, but his outstanding play did not go unnoticed.

JOSEPH HOPKINS
Lake Ariel, Pa.

Sir:

Back in the early 1950s, when the Duquesne Dukes were among the Top 10 teams in the nation, a good young basketball player named Fletcher Johnson felt that going to Europe might be an excellent way to achieve his objectives. Unlike those ballplayers who look upon the European leagues as a place to play before reentering the NBA, Johnson saw Europe as a chance to fulfill his lifelong dream of becoming a physician.

Johnson spent close to a decade in Italy and Switzerland and was a star performer on the basketball court during that time. But he also found time to learn Italian and French so that he could attend the University of Geneva medical school and graduate near the top of his class. "Dr. J" returned to the States and is now one of the most highly regarded heart surgeons in the country.

RICK WOLFF
New York City

HOWE & CO.

Sir:

E. M. Swift's otherwise excellent piece on Gordie Howe (*He Just Skates On and On and On*, Jan. 21) contains one rather noticeable error. He mentions among other events that were concurrent with Howe's first game in the NHL on Oct. 16, 1946 that "Doc Blanchard led Army to a rout of the University of Michigan."

The game, played Oct. 12, 1946 before 85,938 fans in Michigan Stadium, including this Old Blue, was anything *but* a rout. Facing the undefeated Black Knights, the Wolverines scored first on a Bob Chappuis pass. Army stormed back to take a 13–7 halftime lead on a 57-yard Glenn Davis run and a miraculous Davis pass to Bob Folsom for a 31-yard touchdown. In the second half, Michigan tied the score on a Paul White reverse, but Blanchard retaliated on a short plunge to make it 20–13. Michigan's hopes for a tie ended on Army's 10 in the final seconds of the game on a "questionable" offensive-pass-interference call.

A barnburner? Yes. Losing by seven points to one of the greatest collegiate teams of all times a rout? Never!

Incidentally, three weeks later Michigan embarked on a 25-game winning streak that brought a national championship in 1948 and ended the next year at the hands of—who else?—Army.

SEYMOUR (HAP) EATON
Class of '48
Birmingham, Mich.

Sir:

Gordie Howe is fantastic but he is a newcomer to the sport compared to Ohio State Professor of Economics Richard U. Sherman Jr., who has just begun his *seventh* decade of competitive hockey. A former member of the Jamaica (N.Y.) Hawks, he now plays two to three times a week in Columbus (Ohio)-area leagues, often against players young enough to be his grandsons.

Injuries? Don't worry. Medicare will take care of them. Dr. Sherman is 65 years old.

JON ARMSTRONG
New York City

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